THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1925

Long Live the Rif Republic!

BY

ABD-EL-KRIM

Duse Bids d'Annunzio Adieu

Things We Are Supposed to Admire

BY

ROBERT LYND

A Pungent Journey Through Japan

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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TO Clifford M. Sublette, of Denver, Colorado, has been awarded the 1925 honor cross of the Huguenot Society of Pennsylvania. Others who have received the cross of the Huguenot Society are General Pershing, Herbert Hoover, and John Wanamaker. The entire list is less than twenty. Mr. Sublette has been awarded the cross for meritorious work on his novel, THE SCARLET COCKEREL, which won the $2000 prize offered by the Atlantic Monthly Press in memory of Charles Boardman Hawes for the best adventure tale of the same general excellence as his splendid stories, *The Mutineers*, *The Great Quest*, and *The Dark Frigate*.

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THE LIVING AGE

May 30, 1925

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THIS WEEK

No Argentine of good Castilian descent can enjoy being slapped on the back by a Mohammedan and hailed as an enemy of sunny Spain. Yet this is the way *Abd-el-Krim*, Provisional Regent of the Rif Republic, has greeted a group of Buenos Aires students. He took advantage of the centenary of their independence to plead with them against having any Rough on Rif demonstrations.

❦ ❦ ❦

Professor Hans Uebersberger spent a quiet week-end in Sofia. The day he arrived, the King had been grouse-hunting with that staunch old entomologist, Ilchev, whom a group of revolutionists mistook for their rightful sovereign and shot on the wing, as if he were a mere grouse himself. This happy error was celebrated the next day, but just as the ball was over, General Georgiev also fell foul of a Communist bullet. During the funeral our friend the Professor went to sleep in the Austrian Embassy, where he was staying, when his slumbers were suddenly disturbed by a terrific explosion. It was just the Cathedral being blown up, but the Professor thought he might as well be on the safe side, and left town forthwith.

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Three bits of reminiscence grace our pages this week. The first is concerned with Sargent, whom *'A Friend'* extols as both a great artist and a great gentleman. Then we have *Ferdinand Lassalle* — the lucky boy is having a centenary this year. He tells us about Constantinople in the old days when they used to have Sultans named after every cigarette you ever heard of except Philip Morris. D'Annunzio and Duse figure in the third article. In describing their final meeting, *Kurt Sonnenfeld* wisely makes the most of the latent melodrama and tells us in the gaudiest terms how poor Eleonora conferred with her former press agent (ex-press agent would be an unforgivable pun) about acting in some of his successes. 'You cannot imagine how much I loved you,' murmured the gallant Gabriele. 'You cannot once imagine how utterly I have forgotten you,' was all he got for an answer.

❦ ❦ ❦

The 'I-don't-know-much-about-Art-but-I-know-what-I-like' school of criticism is ably presented by *Robert Lynd*, the nearest approach they have to Christopher Morley in London. He tells us how badly he felt when some forlorn traveler lamented over not being allowed to admire the Milan Cathedral. If everyone were to speak the truth, muses Mr. Lynd, how much more amusing a place this world would be. That contention being more or less established, may we next direct your attention to the article on railroad travel in Japan? It may not help the tourist agencies, but our editor, who has visited quaint old Nippon himself, says the atmosphere is authentic. Whew! First of all a man and his wife enter the car. The man takes off his coat, vest, shirt, and trousers. A moment later the train mercifully disappears into a tunnel, suffocating the passengers. When they emerge, the informal gentleman is asleep in a kimono and a new addition to the party appears, eating pine needles. When he has completed his prickly meal, he makes a speech endorsing National Pine Needle Week.

❦ ❦ ❦

There are two more articles, both good, but our space is limited. We can think of a lot of smart young fellows who ought to read *John Shand's* competent piece on 'Satire and Cynicism' and follow it up with the description of the Alexandria Cotton Market and then see how clever they feel. No wonder we are coming down hard on immigrants who can bargain simultaneously in Greek, German, French, English, Italian, and Arabic, and make money on each transaction.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 325 — *MAY 30, 1925* — NO. 4221

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

UNDER THE BALKAN CLOUD

PROBABLY the whole story of the antecedents and the aftermath of the tragedy at the Sofia Cathedral will never be told. The two matters least likely to be clarified are the part played by Moscow in that tragedy, and what happened during the hue and cry after Communists that followed it. So much spying and forging and lying have been done against the Moscow Government as well as in its service that the Soviet authorities can plausibly cry 'Frame-up!' to almost any accusation brought against them. The Berlin Communist daily, *Die Rote Fahne*, has published alleged forged documents supposed to prove Communist conspiracies in Central and Southeastern Europe several days in advance of the dates on which they were intended to be used or actually were used; but these disclosures have apparently attracted little attention. The series of documents of suspicious authenticity, beginning with those purchased by the United States Government immediately after the Bolshevist Revolution, and culminating — so far as political effect was concerned — in the 'Zinoviev letter' published just before the overthrow of the Labor Cabinet in Great Britain, shows no signs of reaching a termination. The latest numbers of the series appeared in the Sofia press shortly before the outrage just mentioned. Communists claim that a clique of reactionary forgers, headed by certain Tsarist officers and apparently well financed, has been busy for the past six years trying to embarrass and discredit the Moscow Government. Whether this charge is wholly or partly true, there is apparently no bottom to the mire of intrigue and counterintrigue of which these alleged revelations are only the superficial symptoms.

As to what happened at Sofia, it seems definitely proved that the attack on the King and the assassination of General Georgiev the following day were designed to create an occasion where the members of the Government and the higher army-officers would gather in the Cathedral, where it was planned to destroy them at a single stroke. It is also very likely, despite the disclaimers of the Government, that something closely resembling

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official mob rule prevailed in Sofia, and perhaps throughout Bulgaria, for a time after this outrage; and that during that period many innocent people were terrorized and probably slaughtered on the charge of being Communists. But Communism as identified with opposition to the existing Government is a very different thing in Bulgaria from what it is in Russia. It is literally a more violent disease in the Balkan country just now than it is in the land of Lenin. Its ramifications are far wider. It is not tangled up to the same extent with Marxism or other socialist theories. It is the name for a political vendetta. Indeed, the King of Serbia's brother, is said to be interned in an isolated castle under the care of alienists because it has been discovered that he too was in communication with the 'Communists.' We do not have to go to the Radical or Bolshevist press to learn these facts. The most Conservative of the British weeklies, the *Saturday Review*, while naturally condemning the methods of the Opposition in Bulgaria, is inclined to condone its bitterness: —

It is our own opinion that, before affording too much unconditional support to Professor Zankov in his struggle against the 'Red Hand,' foreign Powers ought to pause and inquire upon what basis of popular consent the Professor's authority reposes, and whether a broadening of that basis ought not to precede the granting of substantial or moral aid to him. . . . The counsels of Moscow have no doubt sharpened the irritation which has found expression in one of the most devilish political crimes the world has seen, but they could not alone have availed to set up that irritation. Let us attempt to consider the Bulgarian atrocity from the point of view of that country's recent history and present international position. We shall perhaps reach the conclusion that, even if Moscow had been blotted off the face of the earth some years ago, last week's news from Sofia would not be entirely surprising.

Moscow *Pravda*, the official organ of the Russian Communist Party, commented as follows on the Sofia outrage: —

The infernal machine that proved stronger than the divine blessing bestowed by the Cathedral's clergy upon the Zankov gang has done its work. It has put out of commission several bitter enemies of the workingman and the peasant. Political terrorism and a bloody dictatorship have driven the people of Bulgaria to the point of spontaneous revolt. They have seized arms only to face certain death. When the gallows is waiting for them, and the hands of the executioners are itching for their victims, it is not for us to reprimand fighters who happened to grasp the wrong tools.

This writer then goes on to say that the Third International does not advocate the kind of terrorism that has been employed in the past by those bitter enemies of the Communists, the Anarchists. He not only denies the complicity of the Moscow Government in the Sophia outrage, but ridicules the ignorance of Moscow policies shown by those who suspect such complicity.

We communists are consistent enemies of individual terrorism. Our constant injunction to the supporters of the Third International is, 'Pay no attention to provocation. Keep in touch with the great body of the masses. Do not let yourself be diverted into blind alleys of violence. Let the Government incur the odium of terrorism, and use it as an argument with the people.'

✽

CONSIDERING THE POOR TAXPAYER

Both Great Britain and Ireland have been gratified by tax reductions in their new budgets. Mr. Churchill's proposals, which have been received with at least modest satisfaction except by critics whose Party interests hardly permit them to do so, encompass more

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than an ordinary fiscal scheme. The *Outlook* tersely describes his budget as 'one which taxes death to make life a little easier, taxes the flapper's silk stockings to pay the widow's pension, and taxes Europe to help the Empire.' In other words, it lowers the income tax and increases inheritance duties; it raises the tariff on certain luxuries to provide funds for pensioning widows; and it levies new taxes on imports, partly to protect British industries and partly to help the mother country bargain with the Dominions for preferential treatment in their markets.

The augmented inheritance tax, the proceeds of which, being taken from capital, should according to sound economic theory be devoted to capital expenditures like reducing the public debt, will presumably provide money to pension widows at the rate of ten shillings per week, plus an additional sum for each dependent child, and will supply the means needed eventually to reduce the qualifying age for old-age pensions from seventy to sixty-five years. But if this is not the soundest economics, it is sound politics for a Party catering to the workingmen's vote, since it is taxing the rich, hale and hearty young heir to support the needy and aged. By reducing the age of qualification for old-age pensions by five years, moreover, the Government hopes to induce older workers to retire, thus facilitating the absorption of the younger unemployed in existing industries. The social-welfare features of this Tory budget are naturally designed to take the wind out of the sails of the Liberals and the Laborists, who did nothing equally spectacular for the workingman during Labor's recent lease of power. Consequently they have been received with a rather wry face by the Opposition.

The Liberal *Nation and the Athenæum* reminds its readers that the income tax *per se* is an excellent tax, preferable to indirect taxes even upon luxuries. Naturally free-traders of every Party — to which school Mr. Churchill himself nominally belongs — attack the new duties on imports. The *New Statesman* characterizes the decision to reimpose the McKenna duties, which were repealed last year, and to put new taxes on silks, motor-cars, and certain intraimperial products like wine, tobacco, and sugar, as 'a foolish decision,' and says the budget is, as a whole, 'an ingenious, plausible, and dubious piece of work.' The *Nation and the Athenæum*, to whom 'the hazardous plunge back to gold' that is part of the new programme is anathema, says that the budget combines many diverse elements, 'and the combination bodes no good to British trade.'

The *Spectator*, which is moderate and generally kindly in its opinions, is likewise disappointed that England is to go back to a gold standard, and thinks the budget 'open to the charge of being complicated and of covering too wide a field.' Yet it assigns Mr. Churchill's speech 'a high place in the long succession of budget speeches . . . in ingenuity and artistry,' adding that 'it gives the nation a great deal to think about, and yet gives no one a very obvious excuse for attack.' Last of all, the Conservative *Saturday Review* shakes its head over doing so much for the poor man all at once, but finds the Chancellor's other proposals excellent. In other words, it is 'a very good budget on the whole; and except where Monday doubts have affected Saturday resolves, a bold budget. It is with a certain reluctance that we add, a popular budget, too, for we fear that part of its popularity will result from the general willingness to see capital prejudiced, where it is to benefit the next generation, so long as we of this generation may be a little eased in income.'

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The Tory *Morning Post*, likewise stressing the adjective 'popular,' exclaimed: 'A very popular budget, which may gamble with the future, but considerably relieves the present.'

The Free State Minister of Finance has relieved Irish taxpayers of a shilling on their income tax. He has also taken the duties off tea, coffee, and cocoa, and reduced the duty on sugar, thus lifting the tax burden from the poor man's breakfast table, and has doubled the agricultural grant, to the great satisfaction of the farmers. In a number of other ways the draft on the pocketbook of the average citizen has been lightened — for instance, by reducing telephone rentals and postage. On the other hand, moderate duties of fifteen per cent ad valorem are levied upon wearing-apparel, blankets, household furniture, and a few other things that it is hoped eventually to manufacture in Ireland. This is a step further along the line of protection inaugurated last year, when duties were levied on boots and shoes and confectionery without causing a material increase in their price and with a considerable addition to the number employed in the industries that produce them.

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EUROPE'S INTERROGATION POINT

PASSING over for the moment the effervescent and probably evanescent emotions with which the European public greeted the election of President Hindenburg, it is not amiss to call attention to more enduring and important problems that Germany must solve, and that the rest of Europe and the world must help her to solve, before every election in that country ceases to disturb the timid. Philip Kerr, writing in the *Observer*, contemplates the future with some foreboding. He points out that Germany, with a probable population of seventy or eighty millions within a very few years, will then loom much larger even than she did in Bismarck's day in a Europe parceled out by the Versailles Treaty into twenty-five relatively small States. Whether we like it or not, she will be decidedly the most powerful nation in Europe. Then what will happen?

'What will Germany do when she recovers her independence and her strength? Will she join with the Allies in strengthening and supporting the Europe of nationality, democracy, and coöperation which came into being in 1919, or will she think once more in terms of dominion and power and try to upset it? Will she combine with Russia to remodel Eastern Europe on new lines suiting themselves, and defy the West to interfere?

'Will she insist on incorporating Austria and so destroy the real freedom of the Balkan Peninsula and restart the old *Drang nach Osten*, which had so much to do with the outbreak of the last world war, and which would certainly mean the starting of another world war? Or will she become a genuine believer in the League? The answer depends on two things: on the outcome of the internal struggle in Germany itself, and on the policy toward Germany pursued by the Allies.

'Nobody can yet say which way Germany is going to go. The inner moral battle for democracy and freedom inside Germany has still to be fought and won. . . . The forces of democracy and liberalism are fighting to make Germany a democracy in reality as well as in form. . . . The issue will not be settled quickly. It may be years before the battle for the soul of Germany is ended.

'The answer does not depend wholly on the German people. It depends also on the Allies. The occupation of the Ruhr may have convinced industrial

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Germany of the futility of trying to evade the Treaty of Versailles, but it almost handed the German people back to the control of those who preached that only by war could Germany recover her freedom in the world.'

Turning now to Germany's economic position in the new world scheme, the following significant statement, made by a German industrial magnate to the Berlin correspondent of the London *Statist*, provokes some thought:—

'Reparations have saved us industrialists from ruin; that is plain fact. We who have to pay big wage-bills are, under the Dawes arrangement, sure of occupation and certain to obtain our money punctually at the end of each month. The coal-owners know exactly how much they have to deliver; they turn in their accounts to the Control Commissioner and are paid with punctuality. All our compliments to the Chief Commissioner, Mr. Parker Gilbert. It is the same with the dye-producers. As for myself and others who have railroad material, machinery, and suchlike commodities, we are in direct communication with the Embassies and Legations, each of which knows beforehand exactly how much money they have to spend in the current month; they tell us what they require, being informed by their home authorities.

'Most of our leading great industrial concerns are in close touch with the diplomatic representatives in Berlin; they have our catalogues, know our prices, and send in their orders in very businesslike manner. One small nation with which I have connections keeps four well-known firms comfortably occupied. That country is taking out its share of Reparations in rolling stock and machinery — industrial, agricultural, and mining. Out of that small State I get an order this month for 120,000 marks or £6000, and I have other orders from the bigger nations. The nations, large and small, are ordering from us industrials at the rate of £21,500,000 per annum, and those orders, we calculate, will grow much larger when the occupation of the Ruhr ceases, for then there will be no occupation expenses. England, France, Italy, Belgium, and Japan are of themselves keeping our dye and chemical works fairly busy, if we have no other trade to fall back upon. France, Belgium, and Italy by their Reparation orders assure activity in our coal mines.

'Next year we are preparing to supply on a larger scale in accordance with the increase in the sums to be paid by Germany, and when the big-delivery period at the end of four years comes, when we have to supply two and a quarter times the present amount, we shall have all the work, all the orders, we can possibly attend to. Germany will then be, in a way, the outfitting storehouse for the victor Powers. We shall be kept very busy, but I fear very poor, because to pay the vast amounts called for there must be largely increased taxation. We often think how well it would have been for the English industries if Great Britain could have paid her war debt to the United States in kind. If a manufacturing country such as we are, and England is, has to pay a debt to any other nation it is advantageous that it should be paid in goods.'

*

MINOR NOTES

EIGHT years ago copies of the imperial portraits that hang in every Japanese public school disappeared from 'a little red schoolhouse' or its equivalent near Osaka. Immediately the authorities issued a ukase prohibiting the press from mentioning the fact. Meanwhile the mystery of the disappearance was

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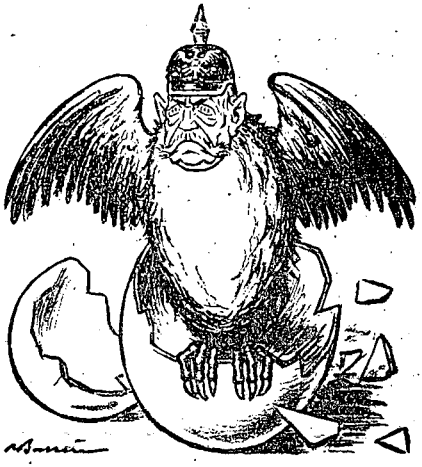
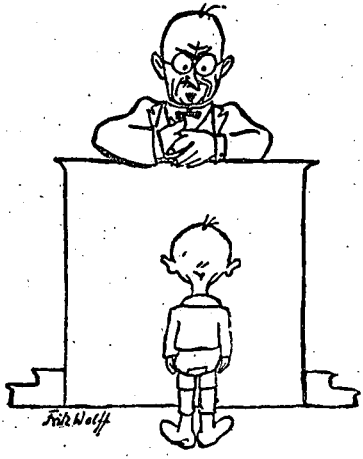
never solved. The other day the Government, probably feeling that any bacillus of scandal that lurked in the affair had by this time died of inanition, lifted the censorship, and any of our contemporaries may now refer to the vanished portraits without imperiling their circulation in Japan.

THE *Morning Post*, the most venerable of British dailies, which has now attained the ripe age of 153 years and still doughtily defends the political opinions of its youth, has scandalized a few of its more conservative readers and elicited the commendation of the remainder by reducing the size of its pages and increasing their number. This incident might go unmarked in the periodical world did it not prophesy a new tendency in newspaper format. London is discovering — unhappily the worst papers made the discovery first — that the traveling public will buy by preference a small-paged paper to read on the tram-car, the bus, or the suburban train, where, in the press of modern life, so many find their only leisure for reading at all. A jiggling blanket-sheet that can only be opened by poking other passengers in the ribs, and that wearies the eye with its long columns and shimmying surface, is, according to London press prognosticators, fatally handicapped in modern newspaper competition.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS



A Bad Easter Egg
— *L'Écho de Paris*, Paris



'What is Germany?'
'Don't beat me, teacher, b-b-but Daddy says it 's a republic.'
— *Arbeiter Zeitung*, Vienna

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AN AYACUCHO MESSAGE [1]

BY ABD-EL-KRIM, REGENT OF THE RIF

[This letter was addressed by Abd-el-Krim, 'Provisional Regent of the Rif Republic,' to the Renovación group of university students in Buenos Aires, and was originally published in that society's periodical.]

My dear Brothers, —

Responding to the courteous invitation of the *Grupo Renovación* of Buenos Aires, I address myself with a heart filled with joy to all Latin Americans at this glorious hour when they celebrate the feat of arms that won their independence and liberated them from a foreign yoke.

No right is more sacred and inalienable than that of every people to rule itself, to give itself the form of government best suited to its temperament and its aspirations. The observances commemorating the centennial of Ayacucho find an echo in the heart of every nation that is struggling for freedom, and I share your sentiments on that occasion with justifiable enthusiasm in my capacity as Provisional Regent of the Rif Republic.

The heroic people of Morocco are fighting for the same ideals that Miranda, Moreno, Bolivar, and San Martín vindicated. I have always loved and admired those heroes of your nation, and only yesterday our hearts were thrilled by the glorious and heroic deeds of Maceo and Martí. We possess racial, cultural, and religious qualities that forbid our tolerating dependence on any European Power. In the same way that you a century ago fought to vindicate your national independence, we to-day are offering our lives and fortunes on the altar of our national liberty.

Europe, corrupted by a world war and filled with moral anarchy by the imperialist greed of its capitalist régime, has forfeited the right to impose its ideas and its will upon the people of other continents. We aspire to erect a civilization based on canons of peace and social justice. We peoples of Arab stock long to throw off the yoke of England, of France, of Italy, and of Spain. Our brothers in Egypt have struck the first blow, and I confidently hope that the world will soon witness the second blow here in Morocco. Then the hour will strike for Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, whose people are already preparing for the moment of their great delivery.

Our cause is a just cause, exactly as was yours. We are not moved by hatred of Spain, which in olden days was our fatherland and the cradle of our ancestors. All educated Spaniards know that in the golden age of their art a majority of their people were Arabs. And the fatal hour when a religious war caused our expulsion from a Peninsula embellished by our art and enriched by our industry was also the fatal hour that doomed that beloved land to the irreparable decadence in which it is now submerged.

The baneful chauvinism of a military and Catholic caste in Spain has plunged her people into an insane and disastrous war, that has made Morocco the ceme-

[1] From *La Nova Catalunya* (Havana Catalonian monthly), *February*

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tery of her sons and a bottomless pit into which she has flung her wealth. Poor Spanish boys are sent here to die, just as they were sent one hundred years ago to die in the valleys of the Andes, and thirty years ago to die in the fever swamps of Cuba.

We abhor such slaughter. We demand that the Spaniards desist from these futile heroics and evacuate Morocco as they evacuated your America, leaving us to resume the labors of peace, industry, and enlightenment that will make it possible for us to take our merited place in the fraternity of nations as you have done.

I address you as brothers because the Spanish blood that courses in your veins is largely Arab, as it was in the veins of all the Spaniards from the southern half of the Peninsula who sailed out of Palos, Seville, and Cádiz to carry to your America the Arab spirit that still stirs in your Gauchos and *Llaneros*, even though under the banner of a different faith.

My dear brothers, receive the prayers for your prosperity and happiness lifted to Allah by all the citizens of this Rifian Republic; and at the same time I beg you to pray to your gods and to your saints that the day may come when our independence shall dawn, as yours has already dawned.

The glorious anniversary of Ayacucho is an inspiration for every oppressed people. We cherish its lesson in our hearts, and hold cheaply thousands upon thousands of our lives if they must be paid as the price of our own liberty.

We shall struggle on without ceasing until we have finished our task of redeeming all the Arab peoples of the Mediterranean Coast and Eastern Asia. A free Morocco and a free Egypt shall be the two pillars from which shall spring the renaissance of a race that has honored humanity with three glorious civilizations.

My dear brothers, listen with sympathy to this message that the people of Morocco send you through my mouth with all the warmth of the blood that fills their hearts. I need not say that in appealing for your sympathy we do not ask you to become enemies of Spain, with whom you have become completely reconciled since she has brought herself to recognize your sacred right to independence.

We too, after our Ayacucho, which Allah and our valor will eventually win for us, shall see our right to independence at length recognized by Spain; and then we shall renew our friendship with her as with an old and beloved sister.

We regret that our state of war and the fact that we are not recognized by the imperialist governments of Europe prevent our sending a special mission to the celebration of glorious Ayacucho. But be assured that we shall not wait for its next centennial to establish solid relations of friendship and fraternity with your governments, conceived in a spirit of sincerity very different from the conventional hypocrisy that characterizes the current diplomacy of capitalist imperialism.

My dear brothers, the people of Morocco address these words to you from battle-grounds that the enemy is abandoning day by day, and they join you in honoring the centennial of Ayacucho through your friend,

ABD-EL-KRIM, Provisional Regent of the Rif Republic

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A SAD DAY IN SOFIA[1]

BY PROFESSOR HANS UEBERSBERGER

[THE author is Professor of East European History at the University of Vienna.]

OUR touring party of German-Austrian students returning from Constantinople reached Svilengrad on the Bulgarian frontier early on the morning of April 14. We were impressed by the appearance of peace and good order prevailing everywhere — in such contrast to the reports we had seen in the newspapers. No signs of excitement or of extraordinary precautions were in evidence. On the contrary, the railway authorities exerted themselves to the utmost to facilitate our trip. The fields along the railway were in an excellent state of cultivation. Nothing indicated that the current prophecies of a revolution on April 15 were worrying the people.

After we reached Sofia and I had an opportunity to converse with Bulgarian statesmen and scholars, it did give me a grisly feeling to observe the resigned way in which they seemed to look upon death by a bullet as a perfectly normal termination of their public careers — as a tribute every man was called upon to pay his fatherland. The resignation, the fatalistic attitude, with which public men regarded such a situation depressed me, and made me feel anxious lest it discourage the energetic precautions that the times demanded. People seemed almost too resigned to their fate.

We had not been in Sofia long, however, before news of the attempt to assassinate the King arrived. The Sovereign's cool courage on that occasion undoubtedly saved his life. Ilchev, the entomologist who accompanied him grouse-hunting, also proved himself a brave man, and probably sacrificed his life defending the King. At least, his personal friends told me that Ilchev refused to take to cover and, like the old army-officer he was, stood his ground and faced the assassins. It was a fortunate chance that the King was not driving his car personally as he usually does, or sitting beside the chauffeur. This crime did stir up Sofia. It seemed to rouse the people from their fatalistic mood. Everyone was rejoiced because the Sovereign had been spared, and at the thanksgiving service next morning in Alexandernevsky Cathedral and at the ceremonies in the Palace grounds I saw ample evidence that the King was not only personally popular, but that he was generally regarded as the mainstay of the Government.

The rejoicing over the King's safety, however, was dashed that very afternoon by the assassination of General Georgiev, a member of the Sobranje and President of the Executive Committee of the Democratic Union, which is the Government Party. I was a guest at the Austrian Legation and heard of the murder almost at once, for it occurred only a few steps from the building. I found it impossible to shake off the shock of this tragedy, even after my reassuring conversations next morning with Prime Minister Zankov and with Rusev, Minister of the Interior, both of

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *April 22*

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whom were calmly confident that they had the situation in complete control.

During our talk the Prime Minister laid great stress upon the seriousness of the Communist peril. He said that the young men of Bulgaria were largely pro-Russian by education and tradition, and that their sympathies for Russia made them especially easy converts to Bolshevism. As Minister of Education he was doing his best to make the young people of Bulgaria familiar with Western European culture as an antidote for their Russian sympathies, and believed that was the best way to combat Communism. Minister Rusev of the Interior Department said that the Communist movement received support from peasant Communism throughout Eastern Europe, and that this rendered the task of dealing with it in Bulgaria especially difficult. The limitations on the size of the army imposed by the Peace Treaty presented another difficulty. He asserted that, at the very time when all Europe had formed a united front to check the spread of Bolshevism, Bulgaria under Stambuliskii was a nursery of Bolshevist propaganda. He said that Stambuliskii boasted openly that the Communists were his allies and heirs. But the Minister was convinced that the present crisis was only a transitory phase of his country's history and would soon be safely over.

I left General Rusev about eight o'clock in the evening. The Premier and the Minister of the Interior had reassured me somewhat, although I could not get rid of the thought that the Third International — or, let us speak frankly, Moscow — must do something sensational to persuade its discontented people at home that the world revolution was really making progress. Bulgaria seemed to me the logical place to start something of that kind, because her long seacoast and proximity to Russia expose her to a subversive movement, financed, armed, and officered from that country. I thought the defensive measures taken by the Government rather weak, and that a stronger army and stricter police precautions were urgently needed. This uneasiness never deserted me as long as I was in the city, even during the brilliant banquet that Professor Zlatarskii gave to our party.

On April 16 I spent a busy morning with my old friend Professor Danailov, former Minister of Finance, and having an interesting interview with the Minister of Commerce. A hasty luncheon followed, after which we were busy packing up to leave. A little before three o'clock that afternoon I witnessed from the balcony of the Legation the funeral procession of General Georgiev. It included troops of all arms, high officers, cabinet ministers, Members of Parliament, and friends of the deceased. The open coffin was borne on a caisson, and I can still see just how the tanned face of the dead warrior looked as the procession marched slowly by.

After the funeral cortège passed, I felt so fatigued by the lively social round of our three weeks' trip that I fell asleep in an easy chair, only to be awakened in a few moments by a sudden jar. I did not discover what it was until twenty minutes later, when a member of the Legation staff rushed in with an expression of deep concern upon his countenance and told me of the outrage at the Cathedral. By this time automobiles filled with wounded were rushing past the Legation. Fortunately none of our party of students was in the Cathedral, as everybody had been notified to be ready to leave that afternoon.

We hurried to the railway station, according to programme, through streets filled with troops in steel helmets and

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carrying hand grenades. A state of siege had been proclaimed. Even in this crisis of confusion and mourning the railway officials and the officer in command of the troops at the railway station did everything to facilitate our departure. Friends on the train explained to us why the disaster had not been even greater than it was. The Cathedral, which was built by a Russian architect, had a timbered roof. If the dome had been made of brick scarcely a person beneath it would have escaped alive. Of course the fatalities were appalling at best. But we saw at the station relatives of General Georgiev who had escaped from the very midst of the ruins — though badly shaken up and covered with dust — taking the train for their homes in the country.

MEMORIES OF SARGENT[1]

BY A FRIEND

THERE are many who have written of Mr. Sargent as an artist — many who will continue to write of him in time to come. But of his personality, at once so genial and so dominant, so humorous and so austere, who can write as he painted — with such careful mastery, with an economy of statement that fastened, in a flash of deliberation, with swift certainty, upon the essential characteristics! How can one hold fast an impression that must fade; or retain the memory of lineaments stamped with his individual temperament, but which were, at the same time, so extraordinary and impenetrable a disguise!

The simplicity of his address, the complete absence of affectations of any description, the graciousness of his manner, could not blind the sensitive to the distinction that was his, almost in spite of himself. He wanted none of it. Not for a moment did he wish for or exact from his friends anything but the spontaneous cordialities and kindnesses of ordinary intercourse. Reticent himself, he cordially detested every form of publicity. Nothing irritated him more than any exaggeration of deference or respect. Flattery he cut short with impatience, with inward — sometimes with audible — groans. Even appreciation he faced 'as one meets a cooling breeze, enjoyed but not detained.' It is questionable even whether he enjoyed it; for he exercised his critical faculties upon his own works and, keeping his indulgence for others, never learned how to spare himself. He knew, none better, just when and where he had succeeded in capturing the fleeting grace, the imperceptibly delicate transition, the vital quality he sought for. He knew, also, beyond argument, where he had failed; and this certainty of judgment made him almost terrifyingly independent of comment, appreciative or the reverse.

Intellectual independence was perhaps the keynote of his mental attitude: he made his own discoveries, accepting nothing at second hand. That independence was the background for his reserve, a reserve inviolable to the most intimate of his friends. The most

[1] From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper), *April* 19

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unqualified admiration, the deepest affection, which he so frequently inspired, was never without a compelling restraint, even a secret chastening sense of awe from which there was no escape.

LA DANSE
A Sargent Sketch

On the last night of his life, an old friend, leaving after dinner, said half-laughingly to his sister, referring to her long acquaintance with the family: 'Do you know, I am still a little terrified of your brother! This is not a case of perfect love casting out fear.'

Yet how tinged with a kind of 'deep-toned gayety' was his ordinary conversation! Mrs. Meynell once wrote of 'the deep-toned gayety' of his Spanish paintings, and the phrase is singularly descriptive, both picturesque and just.

This habitual good temper — not free from flashes of impatience or nervous irritability in moments of strain or fatigue — was a kind of spiritual courage, the courage of the explorer, the mental adventurer, interested in every variety of the human problem. His keen enjoyment of a fine gesture was as characteristic as his zest for the bizarre, the original, anything odd, funny, or ridiculous in the spoken or written word. Humor played over his whole conception of life, in Carlyle's definition, 'like sunlight on the deep sea.'

His independence was not only mental. His enjoyment of life required so few of the ordinary creature-comforts. The simplicity of his habits and of his tastes, at once fastidious and austere, remained singularly free from any inclination toward luxury or magnificence, which he nevertheless painted with such delight, whether expressed in splendid architecture, or in interiors where fine proportions were accentuated by the surface beauty of lovely materials, over which his brush lingered. During one holiday before the war, while painting at the Carrara marble quarries, he slept for weeks in a hut so completely devoid of all ordinary comforts that his companions, far younger men, fled after a few days, unable to stand the Spartan rigors tolerated by their senior with such serene indifference.

DRAWING BY J. S. SARGENT

All his life he remained the student, absorbed in his work, steeping himself in it, attempting always some new development, some fresh experiment. During the last few months he had

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found extraordinary pleasure in sculpture, and small sculptured groups remain to show this tireless exploration of another field. One of the latest was an attempt to render in the mass the subject of his decoration for the Harvard war memorial: A dying soldier with Love wresting Victory from Death.

To his indefatigable energy, a holiday meant simply a change from the work of the moment to work of another description. The brilliant sparkle of his water colors conveys perfectly the relaxed tension of his holiday mood; yet even in these gay records how disciplined was the eye that chose a subject, how controlled the hand that held the dripping brush, dipped, it seemed, in dazzling light!

In former years, at the height of his popularity as a portrait-painter, it was not unusual for him to undertake three sittings a day. Involuntarily he measured the capacity for work of any student or fellow artist by the amplitude of his own insatiable appetite for it. He could never get enough.

Upon one occasion a discussion was going on in his presence about a painter who had failed to fulfill the extraordinary promise of his youth. Mr. Sargent was appealed to in the end for some explanation of that disappointing lapse in continuity. 'Perhaps,' he replied, after a moment's hesitation, 'he finds his happiness in too many other things.'

The absurdity that he ever deliberately sought for and accentuated the less pleasing qualities in his sitters could be refuted by innumerable canvases. Take just one instance, the very beautiful and dignified portrait of the late Mrs. Wertheimer, whose family, it was reported, were startled to discover the exquisite quality this intimate rendition so clearly revealed. Mr. Sargent himself dismissed this silliest of legends with dry unconcern: 'I chronicle,' he declared, 'I do not judge.'

Like many men of generous physical proportions, Mr. Sargent was instinctively kind. Charles Furse loved to relate how, when engaged on one of his

Sir David Murray, R. A.

decorations, at a distance of several hours from London, he wrote to his friend begging for a few lines of advice, confessing that he was 'stuck,' and enclosing, with a small diagram of the space to be covered, a careful analysis of his difficulties. On the following morning, before an answer could be expected, he was at the scaffolding, working hard, when a head appeared at the top of the ladder. Without an instant's hesitation, canceling all his other engagements, Mr. Sargent had taken an early train from London, so that there might be, for Charles Furse, to whom he was warmly attached, the smallest loss of time.

When Robert Brough was mortally injured in the terrible accident to the Scotch express, the news reached London late in the evening. A few friends met at a studio, in the early hours of the morning after, to discuss what could be done for him, whether one of their number should not go at once to Shef-

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field to stand by him, and to do what was possible. It was decided to consult John Sargent, and a deputation went at once to rouse him, even though it was only a little after seven o'clock in the morning. At the door in Tite Street they were met by his servant leaving the house with a sheaf of telegrams. 'Mr. Sargent heard of Mr. Brough's accident late last night,' he said, 'and took the six o'clock train for Sheffield this morning.' The sight of his great friend was Robert Brough's last personal triumph, for he sank within an hour into the unconsciousness that prefaced the end.

Too much stress is laid upon Mr. Sargent's shyness, his capacity for silence. He was the most amusing of companions, the most entertaining of hosts. When he was interested in a subject under discussion he spoke freely, vehemently even, with great felicity of phrase, often with a witty and clear decisiveness.

At this moment it is difficult to remember the world's loss in the overwhelming personal loss. His whole life, as well as his work, bore silent testimony to the faith that was in him. He loved Plato's definition of Beauty as 'the Splendor of the True.' To that splendor he contributed, with the scrupulous yet generous spontaneity of his work, with the broad-mindedness, the indulgence, the toleration, and the sincerity of his character. He leaves, as an inheritance for the artists of all time, the unstained record of a noble and laborious life.

CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1857[1]

BY FERDINAND LASSALLE

[NUMEROUS memorial addresses and articles appeared in Europe in commemoration of the centenary of Ferdinand Lassalle's birth, on April 11, 1825. Among them was the following previously unpublished description of Constantinople, which Lassalle wrote to his parents and Countess Sophie Hatzfeldt while on a journey in 1857.]

YOU must not think that I am describing all or even a considerable part of what I have seen. Where could I find room and time for that! Besides, I must save something to tell you when I get home. Last of all, there are many things — like St. Sophia, for example — that it is impossible adequately to describe in writing. I shall mention only a little of what seems to me particularly remarkable.

We were permitted to visit only the first four courts of the Seraglio, for no European is allowed to penetrate farther. An official from the Turkish Ministry accompanied us, and collected a fee of no less than 250 piastres, which went into the Minister's pocket. Besides that, we had to pay what totaled a considerable sum as tips to the Palace servants. I shall reserve a full description of the Seraglio and its luxury, of its good taste and its bad taste, of its audience hall with gold-encrusted walls and a ceiling supported by gilded pillars set with jewels, until

[1] From *Der Neue Merkur* (Berlin literary monthly), *April*

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I see you again. I will only say here that this palace stands at the very water's edge and has an incomparable, really fairylike charm, because from all its windows, kiosks, and pillared galleries a person sees the blue waters of Marmora and the Bosporus sparkling directly beneath.

I must not forget to mention that we saw at the Seraglio the Kiosk of Bagdad, which is very rarely shown and then only to a few exceptionally favored Europeans. A special request from the Embassy secured us that privilege. It is the richest and in the best taste of anything I have seen, and is designed and decorated throughout in the noblest style. According to what the guardian of the Kiosk told us, it is a perfect copy of the one of Caliph Harun-al-Rashid at Bagdad. Sultan Murad is said to have had careful drawings taken of the original and to have built the present kiosk exactly after them. That seems probable, for it has a distinction not shared by other Turkish buildings. The latter, especially the palaces of the Seraglio, are marred by discordant contrasts of lavish luxury and the hopelessly commonplace. But the Kiosk of Bagdad is in the purest style throughout — an unexcelled example of Saracen art in its golden age under Harun-al-Rashid. Compared with the marvelous vaulting of the dome, even the masterpieces of Byzantine architecture appear at a disadvantage.

Its walls are partly of marble mosaic, but for the most part are covered with Persian porcelain ornamented with intricate designs of garlands, arabesques, Arabian proverbs, and texts from the Koran, all in brilliant colors. In glaze, quality, and tints it is very similar to Chinese porcelain. Designs of the same material, principally in blue, are inlaid in the ceiling of the dome against a red-and-gold ground, the character of which I could not ascertain, on account of the building's height. The doors are covered from top to bottom with mother-of-pearl, tortoise shell, and delicate inlays of the finest woods.

This structure of exquisite white marble forms a hexagon, if I am not mistaken, surrounded by marble pillared galleries overlooking the sea. Within stands a large long ebony chest. We asked what was in it. 'Nothing — just a chest,' was all the guardian would say. This reticence convinced our escort that it probably contained relics of the Prophet, which explains why it is so difficult for Europeans to get permission to see the building.

The larger Turkish mausoleums deserve special mention. The finest are those of Sultan Suleiman, immediately in front of the mosque he built, and of Sultan Mahmud, the father of the present ruler. Turkish tombs are not dark and gloomy like our burial places. One needs only to enter them to realize that these people do not conceive death and a future life under the terrifying aspects that Christians do. To them death is merely a gentle transition to the companionship of the houris and the imperishable delights of Paradise. These tombs are round-domed temples, masterpieces of Byzantine architecture, filled with a cheerful light that is often pleasantly subdued by the special construction of the dome, but never darkened down to the deep obscurity of our burial vaults.

The walls and ceilings of these masterpieces are marble mosaic. The galleries around them are decorated with Persian porcelain like that I have described, covered with texts from the Koran upon a ground of lapis lazuli. Within stand sarcophagi upon a base about as high as a table, under satin palls richly embroidered with

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gold. Around each are draped magnificent Persian shawls. On the upper end of the sarcophagus of Sultan Mahmud lay his great red fez with a white plume affixed to it by an enormous diamond agraffe. Not far from this sarcophagus sat an old white-bearded Turk completely absorbed in reciting penitential prayers from the Koran, apparently for the soul of his deceased master. A touching picture of devotion and loyalty! For in this country there is something touching and almost justifiable in this tenacious clinging to the old and resistance to European progress. For that progress is not a spontaneous product of the Turkish people, but something truly alien to them, more or less violently thrust upon them from abroad and undermining the very foundations of their national character. Change means progress for us; it means moral decay for the Turk.

On Friday, which is the Turkish Sunday, we decided to see the Sultan visit the mosque where he was to worship — a ceremony that occurs every week. He attends a different mosque each Friday, but the one selected is always announced on the morning of that day. Starting about 11 A.M., we rode to the Dolma Bagd Mosque, close to the Bosporus, and about one hundred and fifty paces from the Sultan's new marble palace. Imperial guards were drawn up ten ranks deep between the mosque and the palace. Except for their red fezzes there was nothing to distinguish them from European troops. We dismounted. The Sultan kept us waiting a long time, but the delay was the reverse of tedious, for there was an abundance to see. A great crowd of curious spectators had assembled — Europeans, Turks, even genuine desert Arabs with their sun-tanned faces whom trade or accident had brought to Constantinople and who were seizing the opportunity to get a glimpse of the head of their faith. But more interesting than the soldiers and the Arabs was a spectacle that I shall not speedily forget: the Sultan's wives came in rich, gold-adorned carriages drawn by horses, led by black servants mounted and on foot, to see their lord and master on his way to the mosque. They were Circassians, as was obvious at first sight. There were four carriages, each containing four women.

Turkish fanaticism must be on the wane in Constantinople, for we walked past the carriages several times, scanning the occupants carefully. They leaned forward, wrapped in their voluminous yellow or blue silk robes, and stared at us curiously. This went on for half an hour without anyone making an objection, although I thought the eyes of the black eunuchs grew restless and irritated once or twice. Possibly our kavasses prevented interference, for they would not have let anyone approach us too closely. Here, as elsewhere, it is the upper classes that are the first to grow lax in religious matters. The ordinary Turkish women whom we passed on foot or riding in the street kept their faces far more carefully concealed than these favorites of the Sultan, whose white, transparent, lacy veils permitted their features to be plainly seen. Heavens! What eyes! What grace! And, especially, what radiant complexions! They seemed to be a tissue of sunshine and bright marble. As far as I was able to observe from my distance, I am ready to wager that we in Europe have nothing comparable to them in the way of feminine beauty. I recall one particularly, wearing a lemon-yellow silk robe, with great, dark, gazelle eyes — hei!

At last a military band struck up. The Sultan had left the Palace, and the procession drew near with ceremonious deliberation. First came a detachment

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of mounted pashas and Turkish notables, including the Minister of Police, who is a stepson of the Sultan. He is a ridiculous little man, who was almost hidden behind the big star he wore on his breast. After him rode Omar Pasha, towering above the rest and making a most imposing appearance. He is a powerfully built man with a snow-white beard, a noble carriage, and striking dignity. And what horses! What gorgeous gold trappings! When the pashas were about twenty paces from the mosque they halted and dismounted. Grooms immediately led their horses to one side, while they, turning back in the direction they had come, hastened on foot to receive the Sultan, who was now slowly approaching at the head of another detachment of the Guards. They scampered back as fast as they could. It looked ridiculous, but was in keeping with the Oriental idea of the majesty of the despot. These aristocratic pashas, the highest dignitaries of the realm, ordinarily so proud and arrogant, ran to meet their master like messenger boys, and when they reached him fell in respectfully on either side of his horse. Now he himself appeared, Light of the World, Allah's Vicar on Earth, Ruler of the Faithful, and whatever other titles he may have. He was mounted on a magnificent gray steed with housings of gold brocade lavishly set with jewels. His stirrups were solid gold, and the bits and all the other metal work of the bridle and trappings were gold sparkling with precious stones. But the centre of all this pomp and homage, the bearer of all these proud titles, sat melancholy on his noble horse, which advanced deliberately with a kind of Spanish step. An expression of deep sadness, weary apathy, enervation, marred what otherwise would have been a handsome countenance. From the instant he caught sight of us the monarch's big dull eyes rested on us constantly, as always occurs when he sees foreigners. But there was naught of royal dignity and power in his gaze. I felt no impulse to lower my eyes. . . .

As soon as the Sultan was about twenty paces from the mosque, the muezzin, who had stood all this time in the gallery of the minaret awaiting the monarch's arrival, began to call the faithful to prayer with a resonant, stentorian voice. Below at the entrance to the mosque a servant with a silver pitcher and basin stood waiting for the Sultan, in order that he might make the ritual ablutions. As soon as the monarch and his retinue entered the building all the native spectators crowded in after him. Europeans are never admitted to a mosque when the Sultan is present, so we were deprived of the rest of the spectacle.

I visited several other mosques, however, even during religious services, and have rarely had a more interesting experience. A person cannot really appreciate the metaphors and the scenic background of the Bible until he visits the Near East. We entered one mosque when there was no service. Nevertheless we heard someone speaking in a loud voice. Drawing nearer, we discovered a high ecclesiastic, a professor of theology, seated on a soft cushion before a copy of the Koran in a wonderful mother-of-pearl binding, lying open on a low desk in front of him. He was interpreting the Koran with a prolix, theological exegesis, just as rabbis do in the synagogue. His attentive listeners sat around him in a large circle. They were all ecclesiastics, as their white garments indicated, and included several descendants of the Prophet, wearing their green turbans. Several similar lectures were being given at a little distance from each other in the same mosque. At another mosque we found a crowd of

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traders offering all kinds of wares for sale in the entrance court. It struck us as very odd and unseemly. Then we remembered how the same custom, in the same stage setting, is mentioned in the Bible, where Christ drove the money-changers out of the Temple. That sort of thing has disappeared among the Jews of our generation. One must go to the Orient to find the practice still surviving.

I was particularly interested in the loud praying, or more properly chanting, of the Turks. A cantor sets the note and little by little the whole congregation joins in. Imagine my astonishment to hear precisely the same intonations, precisely the same melodies, that I heard so often during my childhood in Jewish synagogues — the same rhythm, the same nasal moaning, wailing, alternating shrill crescendos and soft pianissimos, rapid word-elisions, weird colorature decorations, runs and trills, stresses on certain notes, swinging cadences — indeed, in very many cases precisely the same melodies that our Jews, unless I am mistaken, call *niggen*. Any Jew of the older generation would immediately be able to pick up his part from the cantor without the Turks discovering that he was a stranger. I likewise saw among the howling dervishes in Skutari something else that recalled a Jewish practice — when certain especially pious or prominent members of the congregation chimed in with the cantor, adding all sorts of variations, and often drowning his voice in their religious fervor. I also noticed among these dervishes the same swaying of the head and body that we see among the Jews. Last of all, I observed among the dervishes how the members of the congregation fell on their knees and bowed their heads to the ground, while ejaculating fragmentary words in response to the high-toned voice of the cantor. They uttered these words in a peculiar, husky, throaty voice, as if these were expelled in torture and contrition from their sin-laden hearts. It took little effort of the imagination to fancy that I was witnessing the *Ovin malkeinu* on Atonement Day in the great synagogue at Breslau.

I had always supposed before that the religious melodies and the distinctive vocalization of our Jewish service originated during the Exile, and were a product of the vitiated taste, corruption, and confusion of that period, which also left its traces in our language, and which are inevitable whenever a nation is robbed of its independence and must grovel in the dust among strangers, without possessing its own political life or literature. But one need only come here to discover that this is an error. These chants are, at least in their origin and fundamental character, remnants of the primitive religious melodies of early Asia that have been preserved like fossils in the strata of human custom. They are not merely Jewish, they are part of the general fund of old Semitic tradition. They survive, perhaps with more modifications and innovations than among our Polish Jews, here in the ritual of the ruling Turks, who unquestionably borrowed their whole religious culture from the Arabs.

I do not doubt for a moment that these are essentially the same songs that David sang when he marched dancing before the Ark of the Covenant. They are not a result of a mixture of races and a corruption of language, art, and taste, as I supposed; they are the first primitive cry of supplication lifted to Heaven by the Semitic race to express its peculiar religious attitude toward the universe, its conviction of its own absolute worthlessness and nonentity, its complete self-abnegation before the abstract ruler of all things, the stern master of Heaven and earth.

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I am curious to study sometime, although I shall not be able to do it on this journey, the religious songs of the old Parsis and Hindus. In the first place, I do not think they resemble these. Only the Semite sang, wailed, lamented thus. Only the Semite so intoxicated himself with the feeling of his own nullity and insignificance, of his utter worthlessness before his transcendental master, toward whom no interceding bond lifted him, but who sternly repelled him, cast him forth, and bade him sternly remember his weakness and sinfulness. Man martyrized by this conviction of his own worthlessness could invent no more fitting musical medium of expression than just this type of song. . . .

THE LAST MEETING OF DUSE AND D'ANNUNZIO[1]

BY KURT SONNENFELD

[We print this vivid pen-sketch for the sake of its appealing human quality, without being able to guarantee all the facts. Herr Sonnenfeld bases it upon Jeanne Bordeux's book, *Eleonora Duse*.]

A drawing-room in the Hotel Cavour in Milan. An autumn afternoon in the year 1922. Gabriele d'Annunzio comes in and goes over to the slender white-haired lady, gazes upon that face which age and sorrow have carved with a thousand runes, and bends with a carefully mastered devotion over those glorious hands which his poetry has made famous and which he has adorned with the magnificence of his finest adjectives as if with costly rings. The blasé Gabriele, the mocker, the cynic, to whom life signifies nothing but a bizarre adventure, feels a painful devotion, such as he has never known before, and in a quivering voice he whispers, 'Eleonora, my dear!'

But in the pallid face of the Duse not a muscle quivers to betray her perception of these perfumed words. With the noble bearing of a great lady she begs her visitor to sit down, and begins the conversation with a self-possession as calm as if there had never been a happy and unhappy time when she would have gladly poured out her heart's blood for this man. With an objective air she explains to the poet why she has asked him for this interview. After a long interval she is returning once more to the stage, as he may perhaps have heard. The reason? Good heavens! If one wants to live one has to work, has n't one? And then besides, if one comes from a family of actors, and began playing in the theatre as a child of four, one keeps longing for the world behind the scenes, even though two years since, sick, exhausted, and full of nervous repugnance, one may have fled from it.

But to come to the point: she wishes once more to appear in d'Annunzio's *La città morta*, and suggests a few small changes in her rôle for which she wishes the poet's consent. D'Annunzio thanks her in overflowing words, and then and there they begin to talk

[1] From the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Liberal daily), *March* 28

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about his present work and his future plans. The Duse knows how, with unobtrusive deftness, to keep the conversation away from herself or the past; and besides, d'Annunzio does not make it hard for her. He is entirely in his element. He talks about himself, about himself, and about himself. He has, too, much that is interesting to say, for he is the national hero of Italy, who during the war flew over Vienna and who conquered Fiume.

The Duse listens to him, interjecting courteous and interested questions, and, unobserved, observes him. How old he has become! Yes, yes, it is long ago. Is he really happy? No, he does not seem genuinely happy, famous poet and glorious liberator of Italy though he is. That weary, bitter expression about the mouth is something that he did not use to have. Many years ago. In the past.

The interview at an end, d'Annunzio rises and bows again, slowly and solemnly, as one relinquishing a precious pleasure, over the noble, finely modeled hand, and says gently to the white-haired lady: 'In spite of everything, you cannot ever guess how very much I loved you.'

The Duse smiles. It is that unearthly metaphysical smile of hers that has enchanted countless men and touched them to tears. Perhaps d'Annunzio himself believes what he says. Probably so. At least in a sort of way. These things once were. There was a time when I believed that I should die when this man left me, but I am still alive. One does not die so easily. What is he saying now? 'Cannot conceive how very much I loved you!' Still the Duse smiles, and in the second before she answers him it all comes back to her, as happens in fatal moments, so that in a twinkling the memories and the pictures of the past all come together. The life that she has lived, near like a spectre, unsummoned, unescapable. When was it that she saw d'Annunzio first? She was forty years old when the poet, five years younger than herself, came into her life. She had long hoped for this meeting, but had done nothing to call him to her. For she may well have had some dim inkling of the decisive significance of this experience. It was in Rome. She was playing *La dame aux camélias*, and in an interval between acts was leaning exhausted against the wall. No matter how often she played this rôle, it invariably moved her again to tears. The wild applause of the public was not yet still, and their shouts and cries rang out to the lonely weeping woman amid the confusion behind the scenes. Then from a side entrance d'Annunzio came toward her, bowed deeply before her, and in a voice vibrant with emotion said: '*O grand' amatrice!*' The Duse smiled and dried her tears for d'Annunzio's sake.

Next morning the poet sent her baskets piled high with long-stemmed roses of fiery red, and now the Duse's apartments were filled with the intoxicating fragrance of her favorite flowers. Her favorite flowers? She had always loved white roses beyond any other flowers. Fifteen years before she owed her first great success to white roses. Then a young and unknown creature, dwelling in Piacenza in the bitterest poverty, she had used her last savings to buy a heap of white roses, in order that as Juliet she might carry the flowers in her hands in every scene. Again and again she held the roses to her face, as if she were drinking in their gentle fragrance, and then she pressed them to her heart, as if she could bring rest and peace to her throbbing blood from their cool cups. Romeo came. The roses quivered in Juliet's hand. One opening blossom fell from the cluster to the earth. Romeo lifted it, kissed the blossom, and stretched it out

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to his beloved. Then the old nurse called, shrill and scolding. Juliet went away in distress, Romeo's rose pressed to her heart. White roses had always been the Duse's favorite flower. Why should d'Annunzio send her red ones? Were the red roses, then, a lie?

D'Annunzio had never loved Duse as one loves a woman. She had been to him an instrument to his ambition, had helped his dramas to success, had spread his fame across the earth. With what devotion she had served his works! *La città morta*, *La Gioconda*, *Francesca da Rimini*, finely wrought gems in the glimmering setting of magnificent language, but closet dramas for all that, not works for the stage. D'Annunzio owed his success in the theatre to her, only to her. It was she who always gave. What could she expect from him? A career — fame? She was already far more famous than he. Only love — love was all she wanted from him.

Did he love her? He asked for her art, for her voice, for her smile. He let his fancy be brushed by the play of her hands. She was an idolized muse for him. But a beloved? The Duse had no illusions about that. She had never been beautiful, was often sickly, always nervous, incalculable, and, as a woman, had never stirred the poet's heart. To him she was simply a receptacle for the artistic spirit. Did she take the right way with the pampered darling of the ladies? Did she ever understand how to fasten him to her? She was princely in her love; no sacrifice was too great for her; but the little arts of coquetry that are often more effective than passion the most deeply felt, these trivialities she probably laid aside. Boundless in her devotion, eternally vibrant between ecstatic joy and deep despair, capable of every extravagance and ready for it, she terrified the poet above all with her incessant jealousy. As a woman friend once said of her: 'Adorable — impossible!'

Did d'Annunzio betray her love? It is a complex question, hard to answer with a yes or no. *Il fuoco*, the book in which he, ever eager for sensation and thirsty for money, betrayed the story of their relationship to a curious public, was like the blow of a whip for her. But she forgave the poet this distress. Had she not experienced, in spite of everything, an unspeakable happiness with him? Gondola voyages through the purple night of Venice, the sweet reverie of two devoted human beings, the one a famous poet, the other the greatest actress of her century. And then the time at Settignano, this precious charm of soul and soul. Even if at that time d'Annunzio felt no more than friendship for her, his friendship meant more happiness to her than many a burning love. Close beside each other stood the villas, 'La Porciuncola,' where the Duse dwelt amid books and flowers, and the Villa Capponcina, where d'Annunzio was writing his *Francesca*. In spite of everything, the Duse had been happy with d'Annunzio in that far-away, long-vanished time when she still believed in happiness.

'You cannot once imagine,' d'Annunzio was saying gently, 'how very much I loved you.' The Duse smiled unfathomably: 'You cannot once imagine how thoroughly I have forgotten you.' D'Annunzio had pulled himself together. She had not wished to hurt him, but why should she not speak the truth? She had conquered herself since, and lived now for her art alone. D'Annunzio went.

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A RADIO COURTSHIP[1]

A STORY OF 1987

BY OTTO RUNG

[OTTO RUNG is ranked by Georg Brandes, the great Danish critic, as the foremost living fiction-writer of Denmark.]

ON a certain morning in May, in the year of 1987, young Miss Concreta B. Damnitson awoke in her nicely warmed porcelain bed, where she had been sleeping without coverings. After a personal sterilizing, she seated herself in a peculiar swing that by its automatic turnings compelled the occupant to perform violent swimming-motions as if she were struggling for life in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. These exercises — the Magnus Soderblom system — had become an absolute necessity, since, thanks to the radio, people seldom left their homes.

Concreta Damnitson next dressed herself in a ventilated morning-gown of asbestos, as fine as spider web, which scintillated in those light ultra-violet colors that five years before, thanks to the great Japanese ophthalmologist, Fukusjima, were made visible to the human eye through dropping into the pupil a mild and sweet elixer, Neuro-Chrom Essence. These ultra-violet, marvelously beautiful colors bore the names of the first discoverers, in far distant times, of invisible rays. Concreta's morning costume was a chiton in pale Roentgen-color with a darker Niels Finsen-tinted collar, and, like the wide bloomers, was embroidered with handsome Becquerel and Madame Curie ornaments.

Miss Concreta found her breakfast served on a taboret: six tablets with the taste of apple preserves and three cream tablets, all from the world-famous Liebig nutriment factory. As early as 1950, progressive reformers had succeeded in putting through international legislation prohibiting meat-eating, just as years before they had abolished the use of alcohol. The so-called 'home cookers' had been hunted out and destroyed by the sanitary police in the same way as the 'home brewers' of an earlier day. But the battle still raged against the last defenders of barbarism, the vegetarians, who butchered defenseless plants that could not, like the animals, give voice to their pain. The mother of Concreta was an energetic champion of the new chemical nourishment by tablets, built up synthetically from the atoms of coal products. By this system undernourishment had been totally abolished, since every citizen could obtain free at the Central Municipal Bureau twenty tablets daily, which, however, had no taste, in order to discourage idleness.

As for Concreta, she added to her tablets some of Mrs. Baltimore's famous 'taste-molecules in ten thousand varieties,' and drank with her meal a glass of municipal water in which she dissolved a mixture of

[1] From *Berlingske Tidende*, (Copenhagen Conservative daily), *March* 15

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seventy per cent vitamines and thirty per cent government-guaranteed bacteria to aid the digestion. During her breakfast she listened to a symphony concert performed by the world-famous Eskimo orchestra under the direction of the conductor-composer, Osarkrark.

Miss Concreta Damnitson had been engaged for the past three months to a young scientist, Boris Koniscky, who was a professor at the Polytecnicum in Yokohama. They had been introduced to each other at a radio-minuet evening at the Russian Ambassador's in Washington, whither Concreta, who lived in New York, had broadcast herself with the permission of her parents. The two young people were drawn together by their impassioned enthusiasm for the new rhapsody-poetry then the vogue. Almost every day Boris would present himself in the Damnitsonian conversation cabinet — of course with the permission of Mrs. Damnitson. Here he confessed his love for Concreta, and on the wall screen of Boris Koniscky's laboratory in Yokohama her picture blushed from happiness.

Private homes were now impregnable fortresses like the feudal castles of the Middle Ages. All sound and sight impressions that entered them were carefully selected and scrutinized. No pretext could be advanced by young people for leaving the four walls of the house; where, besides, vigilant mothers could always follow the movements of the daughters step by step on the white screen, thanks to the universally employed radio-television, perfected as early as 1950.

When the television radio first came into use about 1930, and it was possible to see every event taking place in the world, either on the white screen in one's cabinet or with a pocket apparatus no bigger than a visiting-card, utter chaos reigned for a time. But this had all been corrected by strict police regulation, after the so-called closed or isolated wave-lengths were discovered by a Norwegian engineer in 1950.

So once more there was protection and privacy where the older system had threatened everyone with intrusive gazings straight through the walls of their houses — by thousands of spying eyes, themselves unseen; by blackmailers, political spies, discarded lovers, and perfidious architects, who would place radio-cameras, well hidden, in the buildings they designed.

But the key to the combined wave-lengths of the world were now in keeping of the criminal police, who from their central office could watch out for all enemies of society. Even Senator Damnitson himself seldom left his home, but had his Senatorial colleagues broadcasted to his office during conferences and debates.

Usually Boris Koniscky appeared on the white screen in Concreta Damnitson's salon every noon, and Concreta simultaneously appeared on the receiver-screen in Boris Koniscky's laboratory. On this particular day such a meeting had been arranged. The wall screen of the mother's boudoir was occupied by lady visitors, since Mrs. Damnitson was a follower of the now fashionable custom of holding what were called informal levees. The ladies now became visible, each one on a screen in her apartment, all in splendid morning-gowns in every nuance of ultra-violet, trimmed with the modern laces of light rays. Among them were Mrs. Hopkins, who lived in Philadelphia; the Signore Tocelli from Naples; Mrs. Mungo, the noted feminist from Honolulu; and the famous radio singer, Frau Anna Petersen, of Copenhagen. Concreta connected her own screen with that of her mother and said good morning to the arriving ladies. After

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that she retired, and she would now have complete peace. Her brother, Edison, had locked himself in his own room, where he was taking his school lessons with his screen covered with arithmetical problems broadcasted by his professor in mathematics.

Concreta still had a quarter of an hour to wait, and she tried to forget her longing after Boris by bringing before her a number of pictures from the great world without. For instance, she connected herself with Maison Paquin in Paris and on the white screen-surface of her little salon appeared a hundred or more manikins, one after another, and each a dream. Next she called forth the museums of Florence, Rome, and Michailovgrad (the former Petrograd and later Leningrad); the most famous art-treasures, the sombre and dark colorings of the olden time: Rembrandt, Botticelli, and at last the Venus of Titian, resting lily-white on her couch.

But the mind of Concreta longed for warmth, here in New York's world of steel, cement, and stern solidity. She therefore turned on a view of the Golden Horn; next, a palm-lined beach in Tahiti, with the natives riding the breakers on their surf boards — all of them employed regularly by the State and under the supervision of the Minister of Marine. Seeking even more warmth, Concreta threw upon the wall a stretch of desert near Timbuktu. But here an accident occurred. One of the Arabs engaged by the Cook Radio Bureau was sunstruck as he led a camel up and down before a group of ruins, and had to be taken away in an emergency ambulance. That anything like that should happen in these progressive days was a scandal in the eyes of the world.

Just as Concreta was about to throw on a scene from the famous Swedish ballet of the Stockholm Theatre the clock in the Greenwich Laboratory struck twelve. And that very moment there appeared on Concreta's screen a cherry-tree walk in Yokohama — refulgent in all the warmth of a Japanese sun. In the centre stood Boris, erect, black-haired, in the yellow kimono that was the obligatory dress of even the foreign professors at the University of Yokohama. Involuntarily Concreta reached out her hands toward her beloved; the plastic picture was so lifelike and natural that it seemed to her that she could touch his very self. What a nobly formed face! But oh!

'I greet you, my own Concreta,' cried Boris joyfully, and now she knew that there in Yokohama her own likeness had appeared on the screen placed in the cherry-tree garden.

As was their custom, they danced half an hour or so to the music of the famous radio-minuet orchestra in Berlin. They touched each other only with the finger-tips, which was considered the only proper way to dance among cultured dancers. Such conventions had been lifted to a higher plane, thanks to television. Only minuets were danced the world over.

'How beautiful you look, Concreta,' said Boris, 'especially in that new morning-gown. Is the weather cool over there? Here the sun is shining beautifully. How I wish I could send you a thermo-liter filled with Japanese summer warmth.'

'Rather send yourself,' laughed Concreta, though with a sigh. 'Then summer would be here with me in dreary New York.'

Boris shook his head. 'But, my sweet Concreta,' he said, 'am I not with you every blessed day?'

'But not yourself; not you, Boris. Don't you understand?'

'Myself! Don't you see me, don't you hear my voice? Can't we dance to

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the same music? What more do you wish, Concreta?'

'More, you ask?' She reached out her hands toward him. 'More? Yes, yourself! Not only your picture, Boris! Not only your voice from a vibrating metal disk. Reality, Boris, reality, for you and for me!'

'You are a little romancer,' laughed Boris amusedly. 'Who dreams about reality? Is n't the world good enough for you, you poor little woman?'

'The world!' She clenched her hands. 'The world is terrible! This world that our parents have willed us young people; this world that is only mechanism and mirrored reflections joined through atoms and electrons! What is it that our hands get hold of when we reach out after happiness? Merely "a contact"! What do we meet when we call on the one we love? Nothing but a phantom! That is the world you have created for us! Where is the freedom and the happiness that you promised to give mankind through your modern technique? Tell me, Boris!'

Boris looked serious. 'Concreta! Don't forget that I am an engineer and therefore one of those who have made this world comfortable and decent for humanity, and not as in the time of our grandparents, no better than a cow-shed! Remember how the insurmountable distances of those days made people afraid of their own shadows. Now we can reach each other; distances no longer exist. Darkness is expelled, fear is dead; all longing is therefore foolish, and, as you know, Concreta, forbidden by the new moral law of September 25, 1982 (No. 4633, paragraph 212). I must take exception to what you say, Concreta. Do you really find fault with the world we men, especially we engineers, have created? Speak out freely — what is it you women miss? We will invent it for you. What is it, Concreta?'

She did her face in her hands. 'I do not know, Boris! It is something that I feel inwardly.' His expression, as she looked between her fingers, changed suddenly, and there was a singularly ingenuous play around the eyes. In that moment she loved him beyond everything else in the world.

'Well, Concreta,' he smiled, 'I must try to make your world perfect. Just at this time' — he lowered his voice mysteriously — 'I am occupied with an invention which — but about that later. The problem is solved and the first model finished. And then, Concreta — then I'll come myself and hold you in my arms. Just a little more patience, I pray, Concreta — at the most, two weeks.'

At that moment he was interrupted by a man with a disheveled beard and glaring eyes who appeared on the canvas between them and made awful faces at them both. It was an insane man against whom the radio newspaper had warned, and who in some mysterious way had got possession of the key to the closed wave-lengths and thrown himself in where the lovers were meeting. There he stood and made sport of Boris's and Concreta's happiness. The criminal police had for a long time been hunting him with their control radio, but as yet the detectives had been unable to discover in what part of the globe he was running amuck.

Boris immediately connected himself with the Police Central in London, and the next instant a detective from Scotland Yard appeared on the screen and took charge of the situation.

Boris's arrival in New York had been set for the third of June. Invitations had been sent out to the closest friends of the Damnitson family, who, however, were not to be present in person, but through broadcast pictur-

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ization. But Senator Damnitson and his wife went personally to the receiving station of the flying boat. Concreta waited in the salon, dressed in a new gown with a phosphorescent train. Her heart was beating violently. Her first thought had been to follow the flying boat's course from Yokohama on her radio, but then was it not much more splendid to just wait and keep longing?

Senator Damnitson entered the salon. His face bore the same disgusted expression that, according to the legend, had given his ancestor, who originally was a mine foreman, later multimillionaire, the family name, 'Damn it,' from which later came Damnitson. The Senator coughed as he said: 'Well, Concreta, Mr. Boris Koniscky was not with the flying boat, I regret to say.'

At the door stood her mother, powdering her nose, and looking quite concerned. Concreta sat tremblingly white in all her splendor.

The father coughed reassuringly. 'But there was a message from Boris with the flying boat,' he said, producing a letter — just an old-fashioned letter in an envelope. 'And a box,' he added. With that he placed a little black box, somewhat like a camera, on the table.

'According to what is written on the envelope, you are to read it when alone,' said her father. He looked questioningly at his wife, who nodded her consent. The parents then left the salon.

With trembling finger Concreta broke open the letter. 'My dear Concreta,' it read, 'I do not come myself, as my work detains me. But I am letting the accompanying box bring you my message. I fully understand what you felt during our last meeting. Forgive me! Everything is all right now. Read the directions on the inside of the cover. Be careful when opening the box. As soon as you have done this I will appear on your wall. Your faithful Boris.'

Concreta opened the box. It contained a little ebony-black apparatus with many spools and lamps. The directions read: 'Connect the cord marked X with the contact on your radio receiver.' Concreta did as told, and at the same moment Boris appeared on the wall screen of her salon, handsomely attired in an elegant new kimono. Back of him was his laboratory, and at his side stood a little ebony-black apparatus, exactly like the one sent Concreta.

'Concreta,' said Boris, 'think not that I have misjudged a woman's feelings. As a matter of fact, they correspond exactly with what stirs within my own soul. The science that you thoughtlessly scoffed has again carried mankind forward to victory. I am keenly conscious of our common desire, to be near each other. For three years I have been at work on a new radio problem. Now it is solved. And is not my victory a joy to you, Concreta?'

'You see,' he continued, as she lifted her hands impatiently, 'heretofore we have been able to annihilate the distances between human beings so far as that is possible by a transfer of sight and sound impressions. Now I have succeeded in transferring even touch over thousands of kilometres. Touch, you understand! What is this except certain electrical vibrations in the nervous system? I have constructed a sender and a receiver that make it possible to transfer these vibrations. Nothing now separates human beings. All distance is wiped out.'

'Concreta,' Boris explained further, 'do you see this little ebony disk with a cushion of rubber which is connected by a cord with the apparatus that you have? A corresponding disk, as you notice, is on my sender here in Yoko-

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hama. This one,' he pointed out to her. 'Through this I can send you my every touch impression. Please lift up the disk. In this manner —'

Concreta did as she was told. She found that the little cushion resembled an ink pad.

'Concreta,' said Boris, 'I now touch my lips to the sending disk, here in Yokohama, and you do likewise to the disk in New York. The result will be that you will feel the pressure of my lips on yours, exactly as if I were standing by you in your room in New York. Every little vibration of the molecules on my lips will reach yours correspondingly. And thus, Concreta, I give you my first kiss.'

The cheeks of Concreta turned scarlet. She lifted a hammer that she had brought to open the box and brought it down with a crash. The ebony plates of the apparatus, the crystals and spools, flew here and there, like sparks from an anvil; the small lamps exploded like a bundle of firecrackers.

'What are you doing?' groaned Boris from his screen.

'What am I doing?' retorted Concreta, her eyes flashing. 'I'm through with your technique. And if by tomorrow at twelve o'clock you are not here with the first flying boat via the North Pole — here, in this very room, and in person — here, you understand, to kiss me properly — well then, everything is over between us. And I shall cast you out of my wave-length forever!'

THINGS WE ARE SUPPOSED TO ADMIRE [1]

BY ROBERT LYND

I was behind a man and a woman the other day as they caught sight — apparently for the first time — of that excellent piece of architectural bride-cake, the Cathedral at Milan. The man, who was on the small side, lengthened his neck and said: 'Hilloa, that must be the Cathedral.' 'Yes,' said the woman, and added warningly: 'But, remember, this is not one of the things you 're supposed to admire.'

How charmingly, in that sentence, she gave away the greater part of the human race! Till we have emancipated ourselves from the tyranny of the Opinions of Other People, we go about the earth admiring, not the things that have given us pleasure, but the things that we are supposed to admire. It seems as though, under the influence of Other People, we are prepared to admire almost anything. We prefer enjoying a general illusion to enjoying a work of art. In the nineteenth century thousands of men and women enjoyed Raphael in this spirit. Raphael no doubt was a great artist, but in the nineteenth century ninety-nine people out of a hundred enjoyed his reputation a great deal more than his pictures.

Sometimes I wonder how far it is possible to enjoy any picture in the publicity of a picture gallery in any other way. Then I remember some picture of adoring kings by Fra Angelico, or some Virgin and Child by Fra Lippo

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *March*

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Lippi in the galleries of Florence, and I cannot help admitting that the pleasure they gave me seemed to be an honest pleasure. At the same time, I know that every art critic would explain to me that it was not a pure æsthetic pleasure — that it was, at best, a pleasure in some literary quality in the painting, and not in the design or the color. Besides, so far as I know, Fra Angelico and Fra Lippo Lippi are still painters whom one is supposed to admire. It is just possible — though I do not think so — that I was unconsciously subjecting myself to the illusion of the hour and shouting with the greatest crowd.

Few of us are so sure of our own tastes in any of the arts that we dare altogether disregard the Opinions of Other People. Human beings, though in some respects they are extraordinarily vain, are in others as extraordinarily modest. A man may feel confident enough in his own tastes in one of the arts, and in the others may be as apologetic in expressing an opinion as though he were an agricultural laborer talking about relativity. I confess that I have a certain reluctant shyness when anybody asks me my opinion about architecture. People say, for instance: 'What do you think about the Bush Building?' If I were honest, I should immediately answer: 'Well, what do you think about it?' I take it for granted that the other man has some mystical knowledge which enables him to decide what is a good building and what is not, and I know that I have no knowledge, mystical or other. Consequently, I hedge. I say: 'Rather fine, don't you think? But it seems to me a bit heathen — a bit like a Temple of Mammon that you would see in a walled town in Babylon. Still, it's extraordinarily impressive.' He says either, 'I think it's the most wonderful building that has been put up in London for years,' or 'I think it's rotten.' And the odd thing is that, whichever he says, I am not so shocked that I want to contradict him. If he spoke in the same terms about a book I had read, I should either agree enthusiastically with him or disagree irritably. It is not that I know about books, but I know what I think about books. But in regard to buildings I know so little that if anybody expressed an opinion opposite to mine I should feel, unless he were intolerably conceited, that the chances were fifty to fifty that he was right.

I became shamefully aware of my ignorance of architecture when artists and architects began to write to the papers protesting against the destruction of Waterloo Bridge. Here, I discovered, was one of the most beautiful bridges in the world — perhaps the most beautiful bridge — and, though I had walked along the Thames Embankment a thousand times, I had never paused to look at it with the slightest degree of conscious pleasure. If a friend had come to London from some far corner of the earth I should undoubtedly have taken him to see the Thames as one of the sights of the town, but I should never have thought of pointing out Waterloo Bridge to him as one of the world's wonders. I doubt, indeed, if I had ever taken a good look at it till one of the arches began to sag. No sooner was it threatened, however, than I became interested, and for the first time in my life walked across the footway over Hungerford Bridge, in order to have a good look at the threatened loveliness. When I did look at it I agreed with the people who said that it was beautiful, and I do not think that this was entirely the result of suggestion. I fancy, on the contrary, that most of us admire beautiful things unconsciously long before we are conscious of our admiration. The propaganda of the experts may have a use for us less in teaching us to admire things that we did not

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admire before than in making us aware of the admiration we already felt.

It is, I know, open to dispute whether we can admire anything without having a definite opinion on it. Some people will tell you, for instance, that the ordinary countryman has no admiration for the beauty of the landscape amid which he lives. It is impossible either to prove or to disprove this, but I cannot help wondering whether the landscape does not in some way steal into and affect the countryman's imagination — whether he is not the happier for looking out daily over a valley of hedges and winding water on which he has never expressed an opinion in his life. In point of fact, the countryman's appreciation of the country is much commoner than is generally supposed. But it seems to me that even the dumbest countryman may be sensitive without loquacity, and may get a great deal of literally unintelligent enjoyment from leaning on a gate and watching the sun going down behind a hill.

If human beings cannot enjoy beautiful things unconsciously as well as consciously, indeed, it is very difficult to defend old and beautiful buildings against those who wish to destroy them in the name of utility. If these buildings appeal only to an aristocracy of taste we cannot expect to get enthusiastic popular support for any movement to preserve them. We may of course appeal to the sense of pride in the possession of things that are admired by the Right People, but that is mere snobbishness. I doubt if Waterloo Bridge would be worth preserving if it made no difference except to the few people who go on deputations to public bodies or who write to the papers.

We shall be on much firmer ground if we argue that beauty, like sunshine, affects the life of the ordinary man, even while he does not know that it is affecting him. We are all moulded by influences of which we are not sensible — things that we see, things that we hear. If we go to church, the rhythms of the language of the Scriptures, the rhythms of the Prayer Book, enter into our blood, whether we are conscious of them or not. Some people have even held that the time at which we are most susceptible to the beauty of beautiful things is the time when we are least capable of consciously enjoying them. Montaigne's father used to have him awakened in the morning, as a child, with the music of instruments. And in our own day certain writers on childhood have told us that the most important, because most easily influenced, period in a child's life is the first few years or even the first few months. This may, for all I know, be nonsense, but if there is anything in it it is reasonable to suppose that the same subtle influences continue to mould us in some measure after we have grown up — that our lives are insensibly altered even by beautiful things which we do not know to be beautiful. There is no scientific machine to measure the effect that Phidias or Shakespeare or Beethoven has had on the lives of ordinary men. I suspect that it has been considerable, and I wish a new kind of astrologer could appear who could trace the influences of these stars on our lives. The artist is a creator, not only of works of art, but of human society and of the graces of civilization. That, it seems to me, is the real reason why we should be alarmed at the thought of the disappearance of Waterloo Bridge or of St. Paul's.

If, on the other hand, no one but the æsthetes — the people who tell us what to admire — received pleasure from these things, I should doubt if they were worth preserving. The æsthetes serve a useful function, indeed, not because they can really tell us what to admire, — for they are themselves as fickle

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as weathercocks, — but because they help to bring up our admirations to the surface of our consciousness and, by challenging and contradicting them, help to strengthen them. They will do us no harm even if in our innocence we accept their authority for a time. Most of us in our youth have admired thoroughly bad work on the authority of the newest kind of æsthete. That does not matter, however. We have to realize how little authority the opinions of most other people have before we venture on definite opinions of our own. Having realized this, we no longer care whether we admire the Right Thing or not. The Right Thing in the arts changes like a fashion in clothes. It is a social hobby, and has no relation to the pleasure we take in a poem or a picture or a symphony.

I do not suggest that there are no authoritative standards by which we can judge a work of art. But the standards are in the artists, not in the critics, as Mr. Priestley points out in the *London Mercury*. The standards by which we can judge poetry are to be found in Homer, Shakespeare, and Wordsworth. These, it may be said, are only authors we are supposed to admire because succeeding generations have accepted them as demigods. Well, it seems to me that the demigod of succeeding generations should never be overthrown except for grave reasons. If I must bow to authority, I had rather bow to the demigod of three centuries than to the demigod of three seasons.

It is a second-rate pleasure, however, to imitate an opinion, even if it is the right opinion, and we enjoy works of art only on condition that we do not admire them because we are supposed to admire them. Obviously there is a pleasure in being 'in the movement'; otherwise we should not see so many people crowding into the magic circle. There may even be virtue in it; it implies some kind of sociability, and makes for agreeable light conversation. But on the whole, in our enjoyment, whether of a book or of a bridge, we should do well to lay to heart the lines of the old hymn — which was not, I fancy, very good poetry: —

> Dare to be a Daniel,
> Dare to stand alone.

After all, even if you do admire Hungerford Bridge, or the outside of Milan Cathedral, and say so, the world has survived worse shocks than that. Besides, other things being equal, it is always more amusing to speak the truth.

EPITAPHS IN ADVANCE[1]

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

III. George Moore

Women he praised and, after women, art.
Good friends he had, and used them all for copy.
Had but his genius matched as great a heart,
Time had not mixed his laurels with the poppy.

[1] From the *Spectator*

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TRAIN COMPANIONS IN JAPAN[1]

BY PROFESSOR LEOPOLD WINKLER

OUR train leaves Tokyo for the Northwest and eventually the borders of the Japan Sea. I travel second class, for the first class was abolished a few years ago as too undemocratic for this country. There are no compartments. Two green-upholstered seats run down the sides of the long open car. A Japanese hates to be alone — in fact, a favorite expression of courtesy is to wish that you may be spared that calamity.

Outside, the warm Southern sun shines in the bluest of blue winter heavens — so warmly that we are occasionally forced to draw the shades, and early plum-blossoms are blushing on drowsily nodding boughs. It is the end of January and we are in the latitude of Naples. Oh, glorious, caressing beauty of the Southland! Yet now and then a gust of north wind buffets the windows, and nights a light frost falls. Brown hills shoot suddenly up out of the brown earth, accompany us a short distance, and then dive down again back into the brown plain. At the end of long side-valleys, far back from the railway line, glisten snowy mountain-peaks.

On my right at the end of the car I hear deep guttural intonations. A hard-bitten old squire of comfortable girth, his chin adorned with a typical old-fashioned beard, is perched ceremoniously, in strict accordance with Japanese canons of propriety, upon his crossed legs, at the end of the seat. He holds a little yellow book with big staring print, from which he reads half-aloud a tragic tale of adventure and heroism of the olden times. His well-rounded, sake-matured, manly voice rolls on and on like the motor of a threshing machine. It dwells with droning emphasis on certain words, and at times rattles the windows with its brazen vigor. One can see as well as hear that the reader's opinions are as strong as his voice itself. Were that not so he would hardly be reading an old heroic ballad aloud in a railway train, but like the younger generation would play instead a toreador march on a mouth organ. But when a man wears such a magnificent beard! At moments in his admiration for the better and warlike days of old he rises to ecstasy. Then he gulps and groans and wails until the dark-blue veins stand out on his red neck. When this occurs the stretched-out sleepers — what else can one do on a railway? — pull aside the cloths that cover their faces, and lift their heads. 'A beastly bore,' growls a young elegant with a hole in his sock, apparently from the tight patent-leather shoes that stand under his seat. An old gentleman with gold glasses also glares angrily at the disturber and draws his overcoat higher over his head.

The perspiration has been beading my brow for the past two hours. Why did n't I bring more pocket handkerchiefs? It would not seem proper to take off more than one's coat and vest. From time to time the guard comes in and studies the thermometer. It is one of his prescribed duties, I suppose, to see if it is not hotter than

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *April* 12

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the regulations allow. Nevertheless my train companions sit in their overcoats and their high collars, with their hats on their heads, and great collars of fur around their necks. And the sleepers snore peacefully. But the ballad-reader of heroic tastes wipes the perspiration from his face with a dark-blue handkerchief. Evidently he at least is warm — probably glowing with lofty emotions.

What is the man in the other corner doing? He is busy with a rather odd task, — to an Occidental, — patiently pulling, one after another, black hairs out of his nostrils. He keeps at it with most commendable thoroughness and energy. But the spectacle has one unpleasant feature: every time he gives a jerk, simultaneously squeezing his eyes tightly shut, it makes me cringe to watch him, yet a sort of fascination forces me to do so. Naturally I try to control my ridiculous sensitiveness. At last, with a sigh, he stops to rest. It may not be an easy job. Apparently he has finished for good and all, for he now slowly rolls a piece of paper into a little cylinder and thrusts that into one nostril until it is almost out of sight. I watch intently to see if it won't emerge from one of his ears, or perhaps an eye. But no, he pulls it out again and regards it meditatively. Is he the discoverer of some new science, some way of treating men's maladies through the nose? We read about so many wonderful inventions nowadays! But after a few minutes' profound meditation he throws the paper on the floor at his feet and falls into a deep reverie — while the plum blossoms nod without.

A new couple have entered — an interesting-looking, well-dressed gentleman with an expression of authority, and his wife, who follows him hurriedly. He sinks down deliberately into a seat and surveys the other occupants of the car sternly. Then he takes off his overcoat; then he takes off his coat; then he takes off his vest; then he undoes his collar and tie. I thought that he was a man of some feeling. He knows it's hot, and is going to be comfortable. But now he proceeds to take off his shirt. Beneath it he wears a brown undershirt a centimetre thick. And now, by Jove, he is taking off his trousers, with the same stern, dignified expression. Evidently he does not regard his company as worth considering. His wife now gently throws a kimono over his shoulders, and his conversion into comfortable negligee is complete. Thereupon he stretches out without a word to sleep the sleep of the just.

Just now we enter a tunnel. We are climbing a steep grade, and the locomotive pours a cloud of black acrid smoke into the car. A man on the opposite seat has been wearing all the morning a black influenza mask. I begin to envy him. Half-forgotten stories of mining accidents hover in the margin of my consciousness. Soon the gentleman opposite disappears from view, hidden by a misty smoke-screen. The locomotive moves slower and slower. We all strangle and choke. Surely the train will not stop here. Buddha, have mercy on us! Just then the locomotive plucks up courage again, makes a final effort, and with a tug we are in daylight once more. Everyone rushes to open the nearest window. Oh, fragrant landscape!

An old colonel with weather-beaten military features who sits next to me has long since removed his spurred cavalry-boots and sits on his crossed legs, meditating. In front of him rises higher and higher a little mountain of cigarette stubs. Beyond him sits his young wife, just as Madonna-like as when she entered, her hair dressed in old high, effective style, with red cheeks, ivory neck, and narrow, modestly

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downcast eyes. A gentle submissiveness seems to emanate from her whole being, like the pure modest fragrance from the plum blossoms outside.

In the middle of the long seat opposite sprawls, in easy-going, comfortable dignity, a gentleman of importance, apparently a captain of industry of noble descent, with his retinue. He himself is simply clad, and wears a hat whose original shape is hard to guess. But his watch-chain is of heavy platinum, and his companions make up in elegance for the negligence of his attire. That is particularly true of the young man who sits next to him, wearing a stick-pin and cuff-links of gold set with pearls, and a tiny wrist-watch the size of a peppermint wafer. Now and then this young dandy pulls out a little gold pencil and plays with it. If his nose were not hopelessly turned up toward his country's rising sun he would naturally wear also gold-rimmed glasses.

On the other side the large gentleman is flanked by an elderly lady with wearied and withered look, whose conquests apparently lie far behind her, and whose solicitous air and alert eyes instantly betray the superannuated geisha. Her present post is that of *dame de garde* to a dainty fragrant little butterfly who sits between her and the aristocratic old gentleman. His placid full-moon cheeks light up with a benevolent smile whenever his eyes fall upon the flowerlike figure beside him. She is lively and merry, chatting, laughing, and incessantly fussing with her clothing and hair, playing excellently the rôle of daughter that she has adopted for the trip. When she laughs and covers her face with her childlike hands an immense diamond sparkles on her finger.

The members of this party are evidently out for a good time. They eat ices, brought in a thermos-cooled container, out of silver dishes with silver spoons, expensive sweet biscuit imported from France, and American chocolates. Afterward the elegantly clad young man pulls a flask of genuine Maraschino out of the picnic basket and trickles the thick liquor into their glasses. The old epicure sips and smacks resoundingly his thick Tokogawa lips, and the little geisha next to him ogles every dainty before she crunches it between her tiny white teeth.

All the other travelers stare at them. One man with an energetic, revolutionary sort of countenance scowls angrily and is clearly indignant at such unbecoming prodigality, just now when the Government is levying higher duties to protect domestic industry and otherwise trying to discourage luxury. The lip-smacking old Crœsus notices this disapproval, and ceases masticating a moment to mumble to the young man at his side: 'We really ought not to be eating this expensive imported stuff. Why did you buy it? Hey? It is n't the proper thing, honestly. We must stop it. It is high time you quit this sort of thing. D' you understand?' Then he turns and whispers in an undertone to the giggling little prodigal on the other side, 'But it tastes all right, this foreign stuff, does n't it?' and reaches for the nearest macaroon. She laughs at him with one eye and nods comprehendingly, all the time keeping the other eye curiously on me, the foreigner, across the aisle.

A tiny withered dwarf of an old man, with a long thin beard and little twinkling, fanatical eyes, bustles into the car in great excitement. He sits down solemnly and takes off his overcoat, beneath which he wears a black morning-coat. Then he opens his valise and pulls out a tiny, by no means clean, little bag, unties the string ceremoni-

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ously, shakes some fresh green pine-needles out of it into the palm of his hand, and shoves them into his mouth. He chews them vigorously with a peculiar ellipsoid movement of his chin and juicy sputtering of the breath. The rich gentleman and his mischievous companion stop eating in astonishment, each with a nut cooky half-lifted in the air. Even the droning ballad-reader in the corner pauses a moment in his rhapsody. Thereupon the little old gnome stops chewing his pine-needles a moment and begins to harangue the company with the tones and gestures of a soap-box orator: —

'Pine-needles are the only thing that can save our people. Prodigality, luxury, frivolity, are the ruin of the land. We are going to perdition, body and soul together. Humanity is on the road to destruction. Only pine-needles can save us. Gentlemen, eat pine-needles. See me. I have already lived upon them for a long time. There is nothing purer, or more wholesome, or better tasting. I travel about the country the whole year round in order to teach my fellow men the advantage of a pine-needle diet. I am traveling on that mission now. Here is my picture.' He unfolds a daily paper, which actually contains a picture of his wrinkled little face and thin beard. 'You can read about me here, gentlemen. Attend to what I say. Eat pine-needles.' He then makes the round of the car, bowing deeply to each of the occupants and handing him or her ceremoniously a handful of green pine-needles.

'Heeeee!' exclaims the aristocratic gentleman, and takes his rations with a courteous expression of gratitude to the old man, adding: 'Pine-needles? Have you ever eaten pine-needles? Perhaps they don't taste so bad.' But as soon as the man passes on he whispers to his pretty companion, 'A well-meaning old fool,' and cautiously throws them behind him. When the prophet resumes his seat the little geisha stares at him, half in irritation and anger, and half with suppressed laughter.

As everybody else is eating, I take out my package of sandwiches and do the same. And as I have lived long enough in this land of courtesy to adopt the customs of the people, I lay my pine-needles upon my bread in deference to the old reformer. Besides, who knows! Perhaps I shall be a new man in half an hour. I bite courageously into my aromatic sandwich. The kittenish little geisha across the aisle puts her hand over her mouth and watches me intently. Her momentary silence is suspicious. A moment later she doubles up with laughter: 'What comical things these Europeans are!' Her lord and patron also laughs, and his companions join him. The other travelers lean forward, see what I am doing, and also laugh in chorus. Even the pine-needle prophet turns around and smiles.

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THE ALEXANDRIA COTTON MARKET[1]

BY KARL UGEN SCHMIDT

WHEN I was a boy I learned with befitting admiration that Julius Cæsar could simultaneously read one letter, dictate another, write a third, and converse with a friend. Later it came to my knowledge that Emperor Julian the Apostate, Napoleon I, and several other famous rulers possessed similar gifts. Whenever I read or heard about such people wonder and awe filled my breast. But since I have visited the cotton market in Alexandria I am no longer surprised at such things, and look down upon Cæsar, Napoleon, Julian the Apostate, and all their comrades as ordinary bogglers.

Alexandria's cotton market is called, as it properly should be, 'The Bean Market.' I say 'as it properly should be' because in my native town eggs, butter, and similar produce are sold in the corn market, vegetables are sold in the egg market, and grain is sold in the wood market. Accustomed to these facts from earliest youth, I should consider it remarkable, and almost improper, if the Egyptians sold beans in the bean market and cotton in the cotton market. So the intelligent people of Alexandria, who evidently know what is right and fitting, sell their cotton in *Minet al Bassal*, which in English means The Bean Market. It is an extensive group of buildings built on much the same plan as the ancient *okellas*, or caravansaries, a few of which still survive at Cairo. The principal feature of the layout is an open courtyard — just as it originally was in native mosques and residences. This courtyard is surrounded by half-open, pillared porticoes, or by closed rooms whose doors open into it. Since Minet al Bassal is too large to be housed in the buildings surrounding a single courtyard, the latter has been divided and subdivided by rows of newer structures, which do not, however, disturb the general scheme. These buildings are occupied by the offices of banks, brokers, and exporters.

Practically all the cotton raised in Egypt passes through a bank in its journey from the field to the spinner. A newcomer in Alexandria is sure to be surprised by the number of these institutions he finds there. Nearly every important British, French, Italian, and Greek banking-house has branches here, in addition to those of purely Egyptian origin. You ask in astonishment how so many can support themselves, and are told that, like the country in general, they live upon cotton. Their main offices are in Alexandria, but they have branches and sub-branches all through the cotton-raising region. They advance money to the peasant on his future crop, presumably at a high rate of interest, and take the cotton directly from the field. It is not the peasant but the bank that delivers the crop to the cotton gins, which these institutions for the most part own, and after the ginning brings the fibre and the seed to Alexandria.

Minet al Bassal is surrounded by buildings called *shunas*, most of which are owned by the banks, where cotton

[1] From *Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative daily, British Occupied Territory), *February* 7

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is stored. The Mahmudiya Canal, which connects Alexandria with the interior, — for practically all the cotton is brought by water instead of rail, — skirts one side of Minet al Bassal, and runs directly through the middle of the cotton-warehouse quarter. So cotton is conveniently transshipped from canal boats to warehouses, and from warehouses to the lighters on which it is carried to vessels in the harbor.

When a peasant's crop, consisting of anywhere from seven to seventy bales, reaches Alexandria, the bank controlling it takes samples, which are carried by its salesman to the market. In order to expedite transactions, exporters post up in their offices the classes of fibre that they are ready to buy.

Now let us visit the office of one of these exporters and see in action the man compared with whom in my opinion Cæsar and Bonaparte were mere amateurs. We enter a ground-floor room opening off the courtyard and lighted by a broad, tall window on the opposite, or street, side. Close to this window stands a long bench or a table about the height of an ordinary counter. The arrangement reminds one of the workshop of a copper-engraver, except that the latter has a thin curtain or screen to soften and disperse the light. At the table under the window stands my Napoleon wearing a long white duster such as painters and sculptors use. Most of the people who do business at Minet al Bassal wear the same kind of garment — except, of course, the native porters, who do not care whether their clothes are covered with lint or not.

Sellers crowd into the room with their samples. Naturally they do not carry these samples personally. Nowhere in the Mediterranean countries will a man belonging to the classes that elsewhere claim the title of gentleman carry a bundle. That is the reason why German pedestrians with their knapsacks are always regarded in this part of the world as more or less harmless maniacs. If a person in Egypt buys a quarter of a pound of butter or cheese the shopkeeper will courteously beg him to let his store-boy carry the package home. A person who took his own linen to the laundry or brought it back from there would be regarded by the community as a little lower than the lowest beggar — though the comparison is not altogether happy, for in this country beggars wear no linen.

So the sellers come in, followed by one or several porters carrying sacks containing little, carelessly wrapped bundles of samples. One bundle after another is opened; the buyer glances at it, feels the fibre, asks the price, makes a bid, passes to the next sample, haggles with the seller; says something to a second, third, fourth, down to a twenty-fifth seller; answers telephone calls; talks about another deal over the telephone; listens to something a newcomer whispers in his ear; looks at other samples whose sellers and carriers have crowded into the room, each trying to push ahead of the other; talks with twenty-five different people at the same time; is interrupted in the fiftieth subsequent transaction by the first seller, who meanwhile has talked over things with several other people and lowered his original price by a quarter of a dollar, knows without a moment's hesitation what transaction it is, what the sample was like, how many bales are in the lot, and what he bid before, advances his price a quarter of a dollar, and without waiting for a reply resumes the other business that has just been interrupted; listens to something a broker has to tell him regarding the status of a certain contract; and keeps up this sort of thing from eleven o'clock in the morn-

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ing until two in the afternoon. No, sir, Julius Cæsar could not have done it. Julian the Apostate would have gone crazy. Napoleon might have succeeded, for as a native of Corsica he was a kind of Levantine, and so I can believe anything of him.

None the less, these born traders have one defect that prevents their reaching the top rung of the ladder. Practically every export merchant who buys cotton at Minet al Bassal is a European. Englishmen are the most numerous, Swiss come next, and Germans third. The Levantines, in spite of their marvelous gifts as traders, occupy subordinate positions even here on their native soil. This is not because they are ignorant of other languages. They speak as well as the most fluent German or Swiss does, French, English, Italian, and German; they speak Arabic better than any European; and they know Greek besides. That reminds me of one more reason why, in my opinion, these cotton-brokers at Minet al Bassal are more remarkable men than Cæsar and Bonaparte, for the twenty-five transactions that any one of them may be conducting simultaneously are carried on in half a dozen different tongues. An Englishman naturally knows nothing but English, and he owes his supremacy in the export business solely to the fact that Liverpool has been for generations the greatest cotton market in the world. No, the reason that the Levantine almost never rises above the status of a middleman is solely because European buyers do not trust him.

After a trade has been closed at Minet al Bassal, the purchaser goes, as soon as market hours are over, to the warehouses where the cotton he has bought is stored, to see if the fibre comes up to the sample, as it generally but not invariably does. The temptation to submit superior samples is too great for most peasants to resist, and sometimes gets the better of the Levantine middlemen who purchase for exporters. The latter may succeed in putting over inferior fibre three or four times before he is detected, and may thus make what is to him a considerable sum of money by his dishonesty. It is because this temptation is too strong for the Egyptian and the Levantine that he never gets to the top in this business. An Englishman or a German has in mind, not only to-day's profit, but also his future business. He therefore operates on entirely different principles, and would not imperil his business reputation for a temporary gain.

No such considerations weigh with the fellahin or with Orientals in general, despite their marvelous mercantile instinct. They all have the fatal fault of inability to see that business honor pays. They truly believe — and act upon this belief — that the more capable a trader is at lying and deceiving the better business man he is. That may be true in a measure, if he expects to have only a single dealing with his customer. But if he regards satisfied customers as an asset, from whom he will gain far more in the long run, he must deal honestly. That would be altogether too much of an effort for a Levantine. Not one in a thousand of them could key himself up to that height of honesty for more than five minutes. This is the principal reason why practically all the export business is in European hands; while intermediate trading, between the peasants and the Alexandrine merchants, is controlled by the Levantines. For it takes sharpers to deal with sharpers.

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SATIRE AND CYNICISM[1]

BY JOHN SHAND

SATIRE is a veiled expression of truths conveyed in a carefully exaggerated manner in order that those truths may be made more effective than if they were expressed in a more direct and obvious way. It is certainly the most pointed method of telling unpalatable truths, since it does not tell you them directly but hides its light under an assumed innocence of all double meaning, and therefore requires that you shall see these truths rather by the use of your intelligence than by the aid of your eyes. Satire is the finest kind of humor, and the full appreciation of its subtlest forms is the reward of cultured common-sense. Consequently it is often misunderstood, or not understood at all, by those who are most in need of the truths that it conceals.

Satire takes the follies and illusions of mankind and judiciously exaggerates them; but showing no surprise at the exaggeration, it turns them into ridicule and shows the truth by implication. So that although the truth is pointed, it is never pointed out to you. Satire is indeed barbed wit, for it provokes laughter even while it conveys a meaning that may be anything but laughable. It is essentially a civilized mode of expression, for it requires, not only great restraint on the part of the writer, but also on the reader's side a degree of sophistication and subtlety of mind far beyond the power of uncultured or barbarous people.

It is necessary, however, that the barb, the wit, and the art of the satirist should be concealed beneath an apparent ingenuousness; so that satire, to be satire at all, requires a simple and urbane style; and the more scathing the truth, and the quieter the style, the more perfect the satire. Because genuine satire, though always the result of sincere thought and feeling, must nevertheless appear entirely artless and unemotional, and at its best is a fine example of complex art masquerading as natural simplicity; for, as has been said, the whole force and beauty of satire lies in its apparent unconsciousness of its real meaning.

The satire of such writers as Swift and Voltaire is mainly a suppressed expression of passionate indignation against the follies and weaknesses of human nature. And this indignation implies, not only that these, and similar writers, believe that they know what is right and what is wrong, but also that they have ideals, and faith enough in humanity to believe that these ideals can be realized. A satirist, then, is optimistic, and believes in the potential goodness of mankind; else he would not be angered at our distance from his ideal, nor would he endeavor to improve us. He points out our wickedness, not for the sake of saying that we are bad, but because he wants us to be so much better. And however much he is disappointed, however much he is disillusioned, and whether he fails to make any perceptible alteration at all, if he is to remain a satirist he must still keep his ideals and his faith in humanity intact.

But cynicism, though it is often

[1] From the *Adelphi* (London literary monthly), *February*

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witty, and sometimes profound, — as in de la Rochefoucauld, for instance, — is nevertheless just the exact opposite of satire. For cynicism expresses disillusion in a mood of calm or of bitter despair. If the cynic is calm he is ironic; if he is bitter he is sarcastic; in either case he expresses or implies a disbelief in any improvement.

Sarcasm and irony are used by both the satirist and the cynic, either as occasion demands or as temperament inclines; the difference between sarcasm and irony is one of degree and not of kind — the latter is more restrained, more civilized, than the former. But the difference between cynicism and satire is one of kind, and though the one may develop into the other, they are entirely opposed to one another. To turn a cynic into a satirist, or a satirist into a cynic, we require not so much a change of technique as a change of mind; for satire is active, and behind it is a desire for something better; but cynicism is passive, and behind it is only despair. So that there is always this difference of motive between the satirist and the cynic, and they are therefore essentially opposed, though they may be equally sarcastic, equally ironic, and equally to the point in what they say.

When de la Rochefoucauld, for instance, remarks that, 'In the distress of our best friends there is always something that does not displease us,' he discerns a bad trait in human nature, but implies also that it is ineradicable. He does so again when, for example, he says: 'Everybody takes pleasure in returning small obligations; many go so far as to acknowledge moderate ones; but there is hardly anyone who does not repay great obligations with ingratitude.'

This is not to say that a cynic cannot be as truly penetrating in his remarks on human nature as a satirist, only that he has no other object in showing us its bad side but the satisfaction of pointing it out and the pleasure he derives from his disclosure of our common hypocrisy. A genuine cynic is a man who has absolutely no ideals, either because he has lost them or because he has never had any. He is essentially pessimistic. The satirist tries to ridicule them out of existence; the cynic merely remarks upon them.

Again, though cynicism, like satire, must be calmly phrased to be effective, it is calm, not like satire, because it has suppressed all passion, but because it is in itself passionless, and has therefore no force because of this indifference. If a satirist indicts a vice by pretending not to notice it, a cynic points out pretending virtue and shows it to be vice. In so far as he does this he is valuable. But when the cynic is too consistent in his cynicism he is as absurd as the most foolish of optimists, and sees life from as distorted an angle. For human nature, though it is not wholly good, is certainly not wholly bad; and he who believes that it is possible for it to become divine is more likely to increase its chances of becoming better than he who disbelieves. An absolute cynic is really a decadent whose skepticism has overshadowed his common-sense, and who has failed to orientate himself properly to the facts of existence. He is a failure — though he may be a brilliant one. So that from the point of view of one who believes that mankind can, but not necessarily will, progress, the cynic is inferior to the satirist because he is less courageous, and less likely to cause any possible progression, or to hinder any possible regression.

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WHEN ALL MY DOORS ARE OPEN

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

[*Visva-Bharati Quarterly*]

ONCE when we were both together, Spring came to our cottage;
'Let me in,' he cried.
He had brought for us the whispered secrets of his gladness,
Lyrics of new leaves.
I was busy with my fancies; you sat at your spinning;
He went back unheeded.
Suddenly we started when we saw his parting shadow
And his remnant roses.

Now you are away, beloved, Spring comes to our cottage;
'Let me in,' he cries.
He has brought for me the fitful shiver of the shadows,
Doves' despondent cooings.
I sit idle at the window, and a phantom spinning
Spins to me sad dreams.
Now that Spring has for his gift the gift of secret sorrow
All my doors are open.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE GERMAN STUDENT, MODERN STYLE

THE German student in the good old days before the war — as our own Southern colonels used to say — was a roistering, devil-may-care fellow, who merrily sliced his neighbor's face in duels and drowned those sorrows which every good German enjoys in mighty steins of *Bier*, filling in such leisure as these intellectual exercises left him with ardent and by no means platonic courtship of Käthe and Gretchen and Dorothea, all of them flaxen-haired in the most approved comic-opera style, and some of them even blue-eyed.

But all that is changed, if we may trust Dr. Hans Roeseler, who writes a long article about university life nowadays in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. He represents the modern German student as a serious, hard-working creature, earnestly devoted to the polysyllabic German equivalents of sweetness and light; and if any skeptical Frenchmen think that Dr. Roeseler is a trifle optimistic about his pupils, there is Herr Sven Hedin, who in war days used to alternate with Herr Karl Rosner as the Kaiser's star reporter, ready to testify to much the same effect.

There may be bad people in France and England who complain that the students constitute an ideal reserve for the German Reichswehr, but that is all wrong, says Dr. Roeseler. German students in our day fill themselves with idealism, — Dr. Roeseler does not mention beer, — and whether this idealism inclines them to Right or Left, what does it matter? It is idealism all the same.

The hardships of post-war Germany have forced the student to go to work — 'yes, even to manual labor,' says Dr. Roeseler, with a shudder in his voice at the thought of the poor German students who at last are doing what our own students have done ever since education began in this country. Even this calamity, however, has its brighter side, for this unfamiliar toil has brought German students into a closer relationship with the other classes of the population, which Dr. Roeseler, obviously a convert to democracy, regards as adequate cause for thanksgiving. He finds another in the political interests of the modern student who, he says, is destined to be the leader of the next generation and can hardly begin too soon.

Sven Hedin, who lately passed his sixtieth birthday, writes an exuberant note of thanks to the Berlin students who presented congratulations on his sixtieth birthday. The journalist and explorer assures the students, somewhat platitudinously, that the future of Germany is in their hands; and, forgetting for the moment that the war generation is rapidly working out of the universities after seven years' peace, tells them that they have been ideally prepared for their future tasks by the experiences of the war years.

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ART IN PARIS AND EDINBURGH

It is a hopeless task, as every experienced critic knows, to try to see all of the Paris *salons*, for each includes many thousand pictures. To add to the difficulty, five important Salons are held each year in Paris, and in 1925 this plethora of art is increased by the Decorative Art Exhibition which will be open all summer. One despairing critic calculates that during April and May twenty thousand works of art were on exhibition, not including the thousands that are to be seen in private galleries and public museums.

Even the places for the exhibitions have changed. Hitherto the 'Old Salon,' that is the exhibition of the Artistes Français, and also the 'New Salon,' that is the exhibition of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, have been held at the Grand Palais. This year they have been turned out of their old home to make room for the Exhibition of Decorative Art and have taken refuge in the Orangery, while the third Salon, founded two years ago and generally known as the Salon des Tuileries, has had to seek new quarters. Add to all these the Société des Artistes Indépendants with its thirty-six thousand works, and you have an array of art — a little of it great, much of it interesting, and some of it simply dull — that will wear out the eyes, to say nothing of the heels, of any critic.

The show of the Société des Artistes Indépendants is usually the most interesting and original, but it also contains more bad painting to the square yard than almost any other exhibition under the sun, the reason being that as there is no selecting jury anyone who can afford its very moderate fee can exhibit. It is important because in it some genius of the future is quite likely to be lurking unobserved; besides which, anyone interested in the general trend of art can get a very fair idea of the direction of the modern movements.

Foreign painters have attracted rather more attention than native Frenchmen this year at the Indépendants. The Polish painter, Tamara de Lempitzky, has drawn comment with his 'Portrait of a Man.' A Brazilian, Gaston de Fonseca, is also being talked about because of his portrait of 'Mme. de V.,' and a Japanese painter, Koyanagui, has done a highly original decorative work which he calls *Les Gazelles*.

In Edinburgh the Royal Scottish Academy is exhibiting eight hundred and eighty-six paintings. Three paintings by M. Emile Antoine Bourdelle, whose name hardly sounds Scottish, are chiefly praised by the critic of the *Times*, who made the journey up from London to view this exhibit. The supercilious Southron opens his article with the patronizing observation: 'That men can find courage to paint and exhibit pictures in such surroundings says much for the toughness of the Scottish race.' In general he finds the Scottish artists 'incurably romantic, unashamedly emotional'; but in spite of that he finds a good deal to praise, though he feels that the native work has been 'stiffened by judicious invitations.'

✽

BAEDEKER

An English associate of the veteran head of the house of Baedeker writes to the *Spectator* on his death: —

Sir, —

Dr. Fritz Baedeker, who died on April 9, in his eighty-first year, had been the head of the well-known guide-book firm for about forty years. The Baedekers, in true German fashion, have been booksellers and publishers

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for nearly three hundred years. Their first guidebook was issued by Karl Baedeker, of Coblenz, father of Fritz, about 1830 — *Die Rheinreise*. Of this I possess the unassuming little second edition of 1839. *Die Schweiz* followed in 1844. The new head of the firm is Fritz's son Hans, who will have the coöperation of one at least of his brothers. Karl the second, elder brother of Fritz, had to retire from business owing to the effects of a sunstroke received when preparing his Guide to Egypt. Karl the third, a son of Fritz, became a teacher at one of the smaller German universities, and lost his life in the war.

From 1878 till the outbreak of the war in 1914 I was associated with Fritz Baedeker in the preparation of his English editions, spending several years in Leipzig, to which the business had been removed from Coblenz in 1872. During the whole of this period our relations were of the most cordial nature. He was an enthusiast in his work, and was as much an author as a publisher, esteeming the reputation of his books for honesty and accuracy as at least as high a reward as the moderate wealth they brought in. I don't know that he was ever more pleased than when the *Times* called him 'the Prince of Guidebook-makers.' This attitude made him a delightful person to work with. One could be sure of never being called on to act from any sordid motive. His generosity and consideration were unfailing. His confidence, once earned, was given wholly and ungrudgingly.

The war brought about an abrupt and automatic severance of our relations; but as soon as it was over his letters showed that he was still alive to the claims of our old friendship. The circumstances forced my brother Findlay (editor and managing director of the *Blue Guides*) and myself into business competition with Baedeker; but this was simply a regrettable necessity, which did not involve any loss of personal esteem and affection.

On the whole I feel I can say truly that on my path through life I have met no one whom I am disposed to criticize less or praise more.

I am, Sir, &c.,

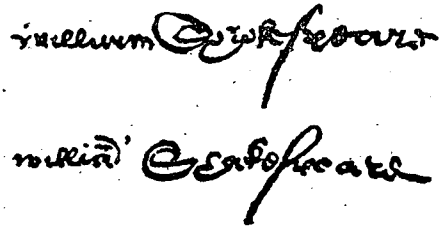
JAMES F. MUIRHEAD

12 Campden Hill Square, W. 8.

*

MORE SHAKESPEARE SIGNATURES?

IN the *Quarterly Review*, Mr. William Thomson raises once again the theory that a partly burned sheet of paper which was found in Northumberland House in 1867 has something to do with Shakespeare, and that the scribblings of his name that appear there may be genuine signatures. The sheet is an extra leaf from a folio volume of twenty-two pages containing a mask by Sir Francis Bacon. In several places it is scribbled over with the name



plus the titles of sundry plays from that eminent hand and casual quotations from them. Mr. Thomson makes the inevitable suggestion that this is evidence of Bacon's close association with Shakespeare in matters literary.

His suggestion meets with no favor in the eyes of such authorities as Sir Sidney Lee or Mr. J. A. Herbert, deputy keeper of manuscripts in the British Museum. Sir Sidney Lee thinks it 'highly improbable' that Shakespeare had anything to do with the writing. Mr. Herbert 'cannot

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accept' Mr. Thomson's conclusions. No one seems willing to admit the genuineness of the signatures, though as they are written in old English instead of the modern Italian hand, they strike the uninstructed eye as very like the six known signatures.

✽

TYPES OF OUR TIME

'MARK OVER,' who writes an entertaining weekly page for the London *Outlook*, asked his readers last month to pick three characters in modern fiction who are likely to survive as types of character in the same way that Shylock, Becky Sharp, and Scrooge still live in the popular mind and in current allusion. His own choice, made with his readers' assistance, has fallen upon Mr. Galsworthy's Soames Forsyte, Mr. Sinclair Lewis's Babbitt, and Mr. Wells's Kipps. The reader of the *Outlook*, who made this selection and whose taste tallies exactly with 'Mark Over's,' gives the following reasons for his choice: —

My chosen three characters are Soames Forsyte, Babbitt, and Kipps. Soames seems necessarily one of them; in him Galsworthy has pictured so minutely and exactly the conservative, property-owning Englishman, with characteristics true to a wider class than his own rather confined one, that he cannot but continue, as he has begun, to live familiarly. Much the same might be said of Babbitt; he is, of course, less 'solid' and more American, though every year sees, I think, his increasing application in this country. T. P. O'Connor has already noted some instances of the common use of his name, and only to-day — March 20 — I have remarked two unconnected and nonliterary references to him, one in the *Saturday Review* and one in a daily paper. Kipps is, perhaps, a more doubtful selection, but he will survive, I believe, as the type of a vast class of undereducated workers who lack initiative; as with Soames, one sees daily traces of Kipps in persons utterly removed from his life and limitations. These three, be it noted, are all, despite their individuality, types; that is, their outlooks and attitudes are far more significant than their personal adventures.

✽

GLOOMING ON THE DEAN

WICKED comment by the London *Daily Herald*, bold bad Labor organ, on a famous clergyman's utterances: —

Lecturing at Yale University on Monday last, Dean Inge declared that modern ministers who sought notoriety were a positive danger to the Christian Church. Well, surely he ought to know.

✽

THE MENACE OF THE MUSHROOM

EXTRACT from circular issued by a British firm of flooring-contractors: —

There are many small firms of the present day who, like the mushroom, spring up overnight and offer to the public a material which they class as Composition Flooring

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BOOKS ABROAD

Religio Medici, by Sir Thomas Browne. 1635.
What I Believe, by Bertrand Russell. London: Kegan Paul; New York: Dutton, 1925. $1.00.
The Religion of a Darwinist, by Sir Arthur Keith. London: Watts, 1925. 2*s*.
Science and Religion, by J. Arthur Thomson. London: Methuen; New York: Scribners, 1925. Probable Price, $2.00.

[Leonard Woolf in *The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Books with title or subject such as these have frequently been written during the last three hundred years, and they are nearly always good books. The first, the *Religio Medici*, remains the greatest. I have just read two, written by a distinguished philosopher and a distinguished scientist in the year 1925, and it is impossible not to compare them with what the Norwich physician wrote in 1635.

What I Believe is one of the most brilliant and thought-stimulating little books that I have read. It is in the same series as Mr. Russell's *Icarus*, which I wrote about with some enthusiasm in these columns. But *What I Believe* is a better book even than *Icarus*. Perhaps the reason is that, as Mr. Russell himself points out, his former book expressed his fears with regard to man's place in the universe, and the possibilities of his achieving a good life, while now he is expressing his hopes. Or rather one should perhaps say that Mr. Russell's mind is so quick, wit is so ready to the tip of his tongue or pen, that when he is out against someone or something he uses the weapons of his argument and wit in a way which fascinates and amuses one at the moment, but which on reflection one thinks to be sometimes and in some way not quite fair. But in this book, where he is concerned more with his own beliefs and hopes than with those of people of whom he disapproves, or with whom he disagrees, the wit gets an extra polish from urbanity, the arguments an additional depth from serenity. Mr. Russell's brilliancy is amazing. No one but he could have put into just over one hundred words the devastating argument on page 18 against the metaphysicians who have advanced innumerable reasons to prove that the soul *must* be immortal:—

> There is one simple test by which all these arguments can be demolished. They all prove equally that the soul must pervade all space. But as we are not so anxious to be fat as to live long, none of the metaphysicians in question have ever noticed this application of their reasonings. This is an instance of the amazing power of desire in blinding even very able men to fallacies which would otherwise be obvious at once. If we were not afraid of death, I do not believe that the idea of immortality would ever have arisen.

The other book to which I referred is *The Religion of a Darwinist*, by Sir Arthur Keith (Watts, 2*s*.). This again is an extremely interesting little book. Sir Arthur Keith is the author of *The Antiquity of Man*, and a scientist of great distinction. He is rather apologetic for venturing to admit us into what he calls the most secret chamber of his mind, the room which contains his beliefs. There was no need for apology. It is the cleanest, neatest, and brightest room imaginable, without the possibility of a cupboard containing even the smallest of skeletons. The remarkable thing about it is its bareness. Sir Arthur Keith has beliefs, but he has no religious beliefs at all in the sense of Sir Thomas Browne's '*religio*.' His beliefs are really purely scientific, and the greater part of his little book is taken up with a fascinating description of life in the Thames Valley during the last two hundred thousand years.

Professor Gilbert Murray some time ago gave an address with the title 'The Religion of a Man of Letters,' and Sir Arthur Keith remarks with some surprise that, though his path of study and Professor Murray's had been so far apart, they had arrived at much the same kind of beliefs. If he reads Mr. Russell, he will find the same thing with regard to him. In fact, the religion of the scholar, the scientist, and the philosopher are practically the same. Is the reason for this the fact that to-day there is a 'religion of all sensible men'? There was certainly no such thing in the time of Sir Thomas Browne. Both Sir Arthur Keith and Mr. Russell tell us a large number of things which they believe, but I do not think that there is a single one for which they could not give you a scientific reason. When they open the inmost recess of their mind, there is no 'religious' belief there in the sense of a nonscientific, an irrational, belief. But open *Religio Medici*, and you are in another world. You may say, perhaps, that Sir Thomas Browne had a peculiar passion for believing the unbelievable. He himself says:—

> I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an *O altitudo!* 'T is my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved Ænigmas and riddles of the Trinity,

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with Incarnation, and Resurrection. I can answer all the Objections of Satan and my rebellious reason with that odd resolution I learned of Tertullian, *Certum est, quia impossibile est.*

But to swallow this piece of self-analysis uncritically is to misunderstand Sir Thomas Browne and three quarters of his charm. The *Vulgar Errors* and the *Religio Medici* itself show that for his age he had a scientific mind. The '*altitudo*' to which he loved to climb beyond the reach of reason was not really religious, or belief at all, but a region of phantasy and imagination and of the rolling thunder of his English prose. But that makes it the more astonishing when one considers what an enormous number of things this extremely intelligent physician could believe in 1635, whereas, except for scientific facts, there is nothing for Mr. Russell or Sir Arthur Keith to believe to-day. 'Nothing' is perhaps too strong a word, for Mr. Russell would say that we can create a value by believing things to be good or bad, and that in the world of values we are kings and 'greater than Nature,' but even so the religion of a sensible man is very bare compared with the *religio medici* of the seventeenth century.

I should perhaps add that I read another book on this subject, *Science and Religion*, by Professor J. Arthur Thomson, which seems to take a diametrically opposite view. Professor Thomson argues that there is no antithesis between scientific description and religious interpretation, and that there is a sphere in which the sensible scientific man can believe religiously. I have the greatest respect for Professor Thomson as a scientist, and I have found some of his scientific writings delightful, but this present book is singularly unconvincing. The reason is that where he writes about the sphere of science he is clear and precise, but whenever he comes to tell us about the other sphere he gives us nothing to catch hold of. In fact, the cupboard seems to be almost as bare as Sir Arthur Keith's and Mr. Russell's.

A Player under Three Reigns, by Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. London: Fisher Unwin; Boston: Little Brown, 1925. $5.00.

[*Saturday Review*]

To the numerous devotees of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson it must have seemed unthinkable that he might never have been on the stage. Yet in his modest and agreeable autobiography he tells us that it was only 'the force of circumstances' that placed him there. His early taste, backed by the advice of Rossetti, was for painting, and he spent three strenuous years in the Academy schools. His first serious engagement in the theatre was in a play by Charles Reade, of whom he gives a most amusing account; but it was Samuel Phelps who gave him his real training, and thus he is linked through Macready and Mrs. Siddons with Garrick. This pleasant account of his long and successful career is well worth reading, and contains many lively sketches of famous men and women.

An Island Comedy, by E. S. and J. Darmady. London: Methuen, 1925. 7*s*.

[*New Statesman*]

A SMUG and self-satisfied family from Camden Town, being faced with ruin, decide to leave England for the South Seas, there to settle upon some uninhabited island. Having driven the captain of the vessel in which they make the voyage to distraction by the stupidity of their questions and actions, the family are at last set adrift in an open boat, in which, after a series of adventures, they make land. The land is a burlesque of all the islands of fact and fiction. Sheep for mutton, and cows for milk, and fowls for eggs or roasting, are to their hand. Breadfruit trees are there for toast, and tea plants for tea. Weaver birds darn their socks, and sea lions retrieve fish for them, and the family develop a resourcefulness that makes that of the Swiss Family Robinson seem feeble in comparison. At times the fooling is a little ponderous, but it is always relieved by such sly revelations of character as exotic adventures happening to stupid, ignorant, and complacent people might be expected to give. Ingenious use is made of scrappy scientific information culled from popular encyclopædias, and the skit, if long drawn out, has its moments of hilarity, and sometimes of excitement, for if the adventures are always farcical, the family are almost painfully realistic.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

BORDEUX, JEANNE. *Eleonora Duse*, London: Hutchinson & Co., 1925.

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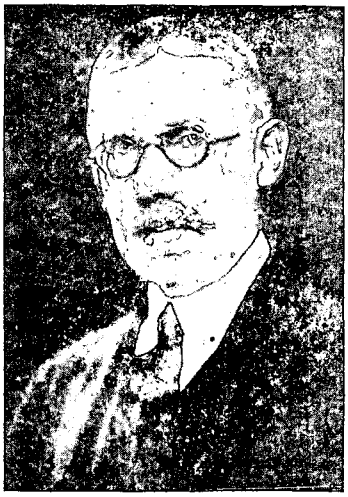
WINS PULITZER PRIZE



M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

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A former Judge of the Superior Court.

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A distinguished woman Novelist.

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A College President.

* * *

A Professor of French.

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A Traveler.

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A rancher's Wife.

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An Architect who writes fiction.

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An imposing list, you say, but won't they produce ponderous stuff — especially the Senator, the Judge, and the Professor?

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And the Judge is none other than Robert W. Winston who recently related in our pages his exploits as a sixty-year-old undergraduate at the University of North Carolina.

His subject is "How Free Is Free Speech?"

* * *

The Professor is Albert Guérard and his subject "The Last Taboo," a quest for truth among the superstitions grown up around miscegenation.

* * *

The College President's title is "Nowisky, Otherwise Volstead."

And he remains anonymous.

* * *

The Traveler talks of the extracurriculum activities of the United States with the San Blas Indians of Panama.

* * *

The Critic's story ends with the jovial refrain: "Here's to good old Upton, drink it down, drink it down."

* * *

The Architect's story shows proper appreciation of the beauty of soft lines and graceful feminine curves.

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The Captain turns out to be artist and author under his leatherneck exterior.

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